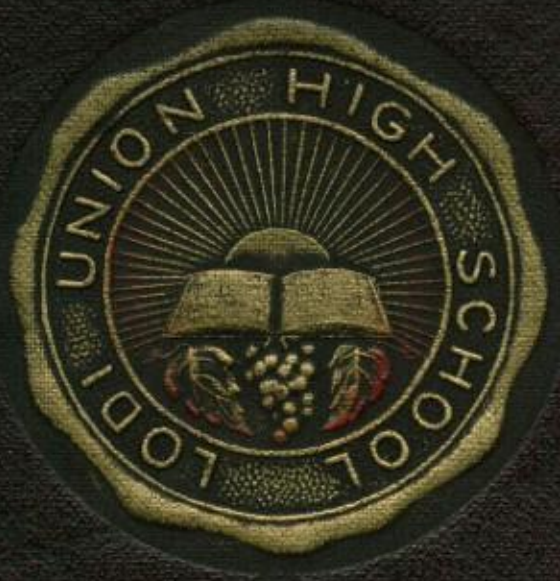


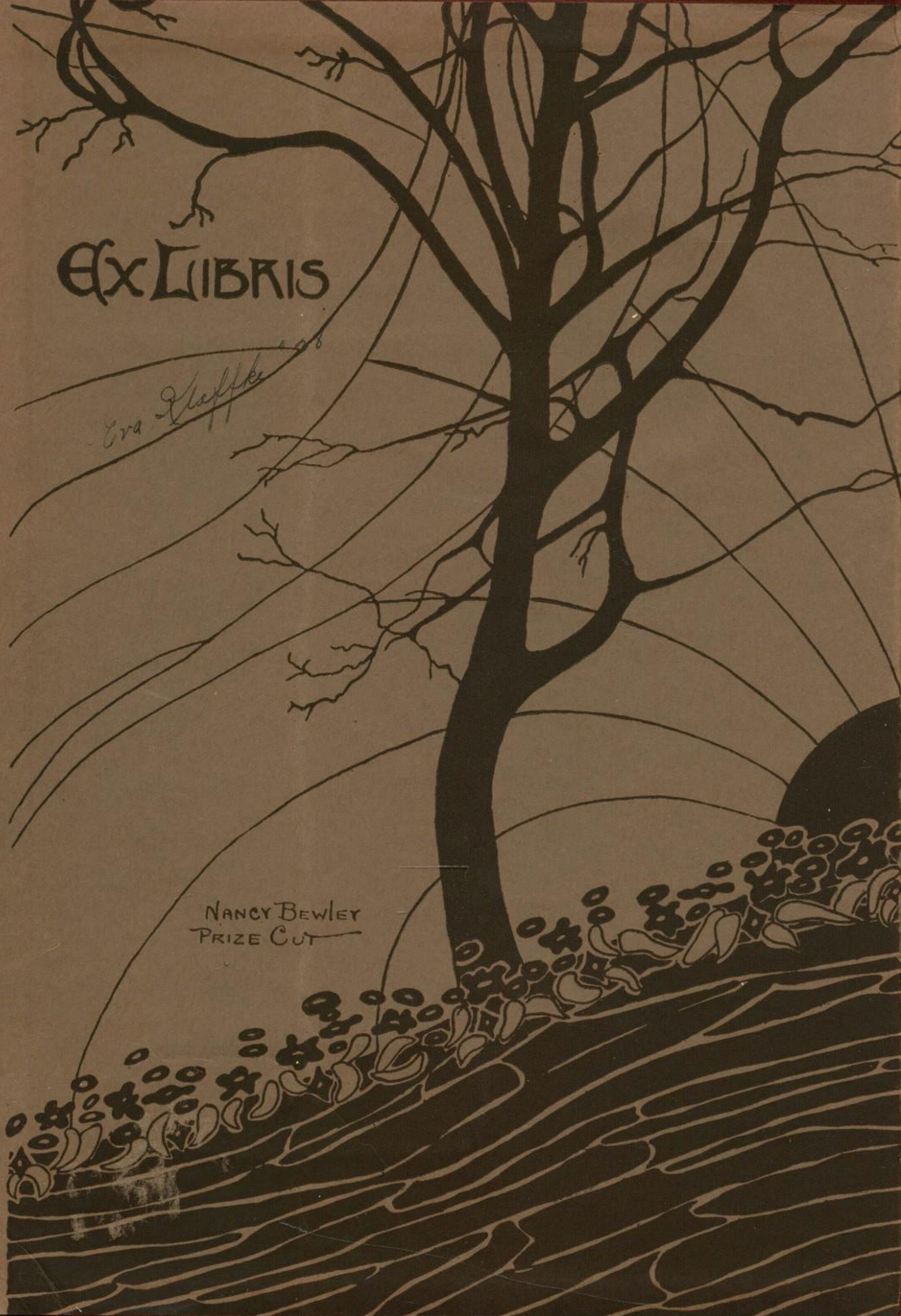


THE TOKAY 1928

EX LIBRIS

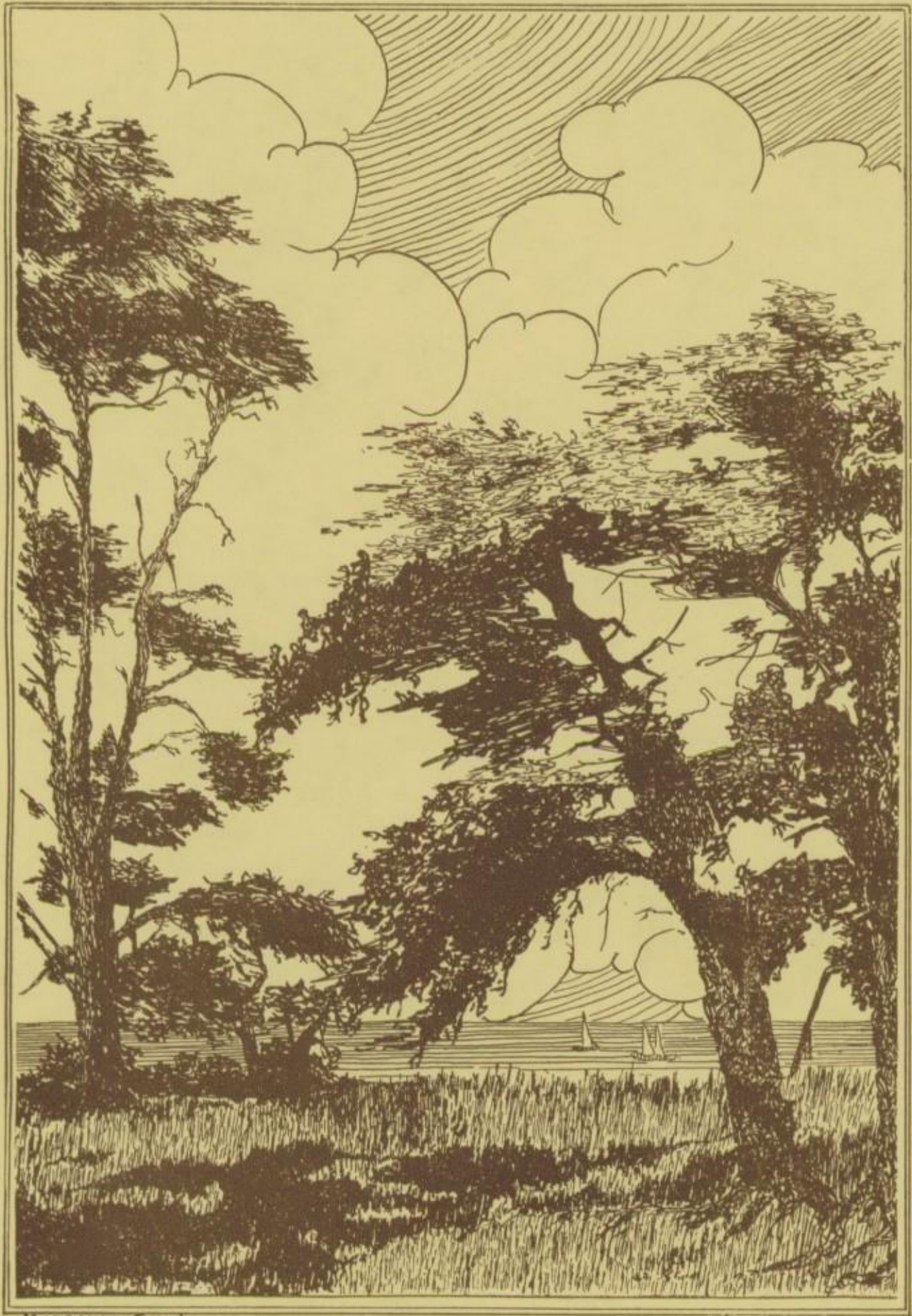
Eva Klappke 1906

NANCY BEWLEY
PRIZE CUT





Eva Klaffke
C/15



MARGARET SMITHSON

The 1928
TOKAY
YEAR BOOK of the
LODI UNION HIGH SCHOOL
LODI CALIFORNIA





TO
MRS. BEULAH H. BURRELL.
We dedicate this book, which
she has helped to create by her
friendly interest and generous
co-operation.



1 Jewel H. Durrell

Only a Tree

Only a tree; yet how symbolic of life!
Only a breeze; yet how it bends
that tree to its will!
So does the world work its will
with man,
And man cannot resist.

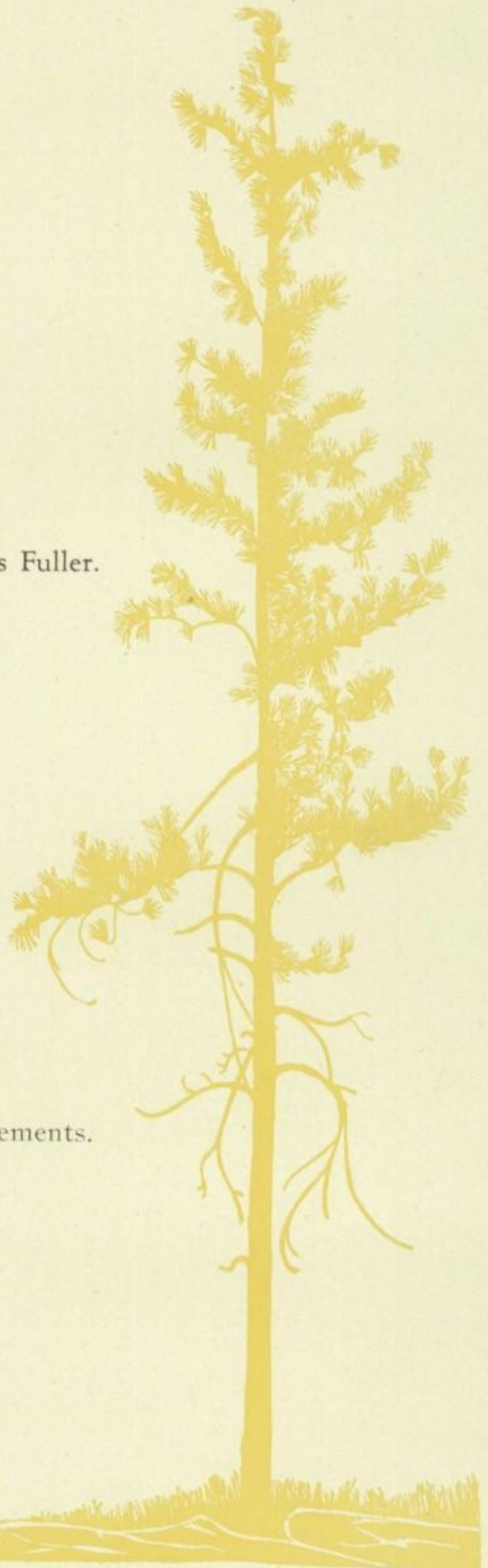
—Lois Fuller.

On a Hill

Honorable Mention

I stand—trembling—on a hill;
Heaven speaks, all else is still;
Heaven breathes on every side;
Heaven's soul is open wide;
Her new moon rocks,
Her stars whirl by.
I feel her every pulse and sigh;
Oh God! If I could only be
All This or This a part of me.

—Patricia Clements.





HELEN NEUMANN.

Contents

CLASSES
LITERARY
ACTIVITIES
DRAMATICS
ATHLETICS

Commencement song - Fly sheet front
Class song - Fly sheet back

FOREWORD



PICTURE the French army drawn up in parade formation under the clear Egyptian sky. It is the year 1798. Close by, the great pyramids raise their hoary masses. A decisive battle is to be fought presently with the Mamelukes. With the genius that was his to inspire as well as to lead Napoleon addressed his men in these words:

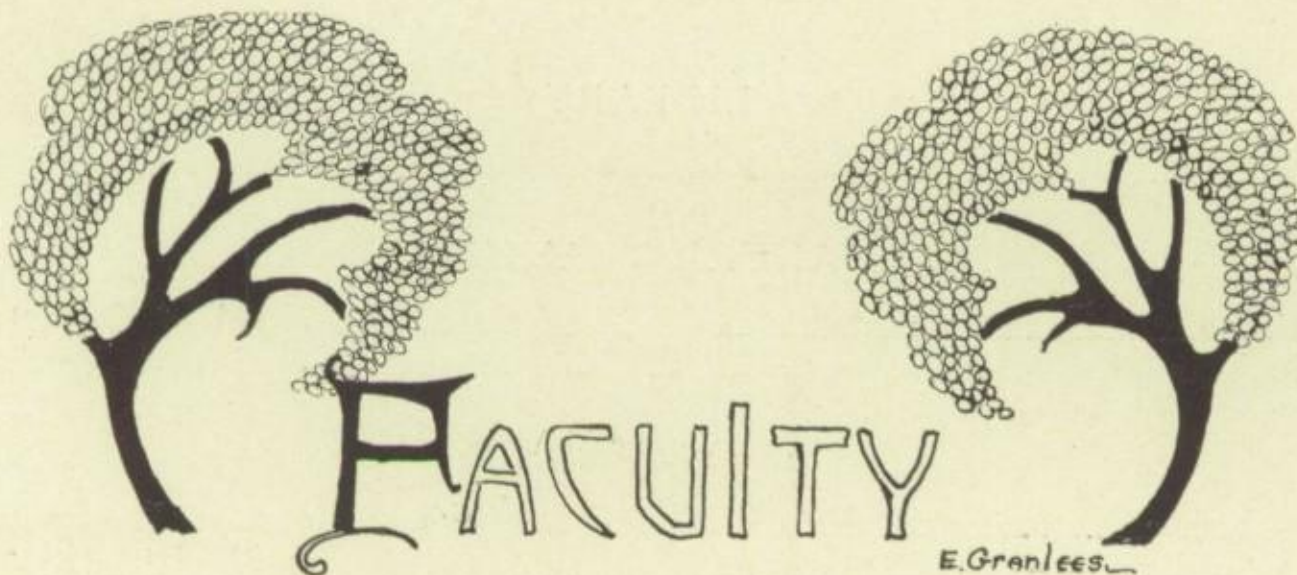
"Soldiers, from the heights of these pyramids forty centuries look down upon you."

We have only to travel a few hours to the Mariposa grove of big trees and there, standing by the side of the Grizzly Giant have forty centuries looking down upon us. Here are, however, living centuries—for the big Sequoia still flourishes whereas the dead ages somberly gazed down upon the French army a hundred and thirty years ago.

Comparing the life of the tree to that of mankind the former can well be taken as a symbol of immortality. Generations of men can come and pass on while the tree flourishes in full vigor of prolonged youth. So let the tree, the theme of the 1928 edition of *The Tokay* be a symbol of the youth and ideals which shall flourish ever fresh in this school, though generations of boys and girls shall linger a short while in its pleasant environs and then pass on out into life.







William InchPrincipal
 Maud Davis.....Vice-Principal

ART

Lloyda Barron.....Head of Department

AMERICANIZATION

Ruth Crittenden.....Head of Department
 Eloise Wiseman*
 Bessie Reed
 Bess Russell Carroll

COMMERCIAL

M. Neil Babbitt.....Head of Department
 Beulah H. Burrell.....Stenography

ENGLISH

George N. Adriance.....Head of Department
 Ruby Barnebey.....English
 Gladys PilkingtonEnglish
 Eleanor Strate.....English
 Lottie F. Tower.....English

HOME ECONOMICS

Carrie Erich.....Head of Department
 Alice DowDressmaking

LANGUAGE

Thelma T. Kuhlmann.....Spanish
 Katharine Taylor.....Latin

LIBRARY

Jessie Boyd.....Librarian

MANUAL TRAINING

Ira Crose.....Head of Department
Philip Winsor.....Auto Mechanics

MATHEMATICS

Amos Reese.....Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry
Leota Gilliland.....Algebra, Geometry
Correll Smith.....Algebra

MUSIC

Reverda Cross.....Orchestra, Band
Rey Marchant.....Vocal

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

James Conklin.....Head Boys' Department
James Hole.....Football, Basketball
Signa Holm.....Head Girls' Department
Stella Haglund.....Physical Education

SCIENCE

Herbert Ballou†.....Physics, Biology
Anna B. Nelson.....Physics, Biology
Edna Hansen.....Chemistry
Donald McKay.....General Science

SMITH-HUGHES

Herman Diekman.....Agriculture
Verne Hoffman.....Agriculture
Russel Freeman.....Farm Mathematics

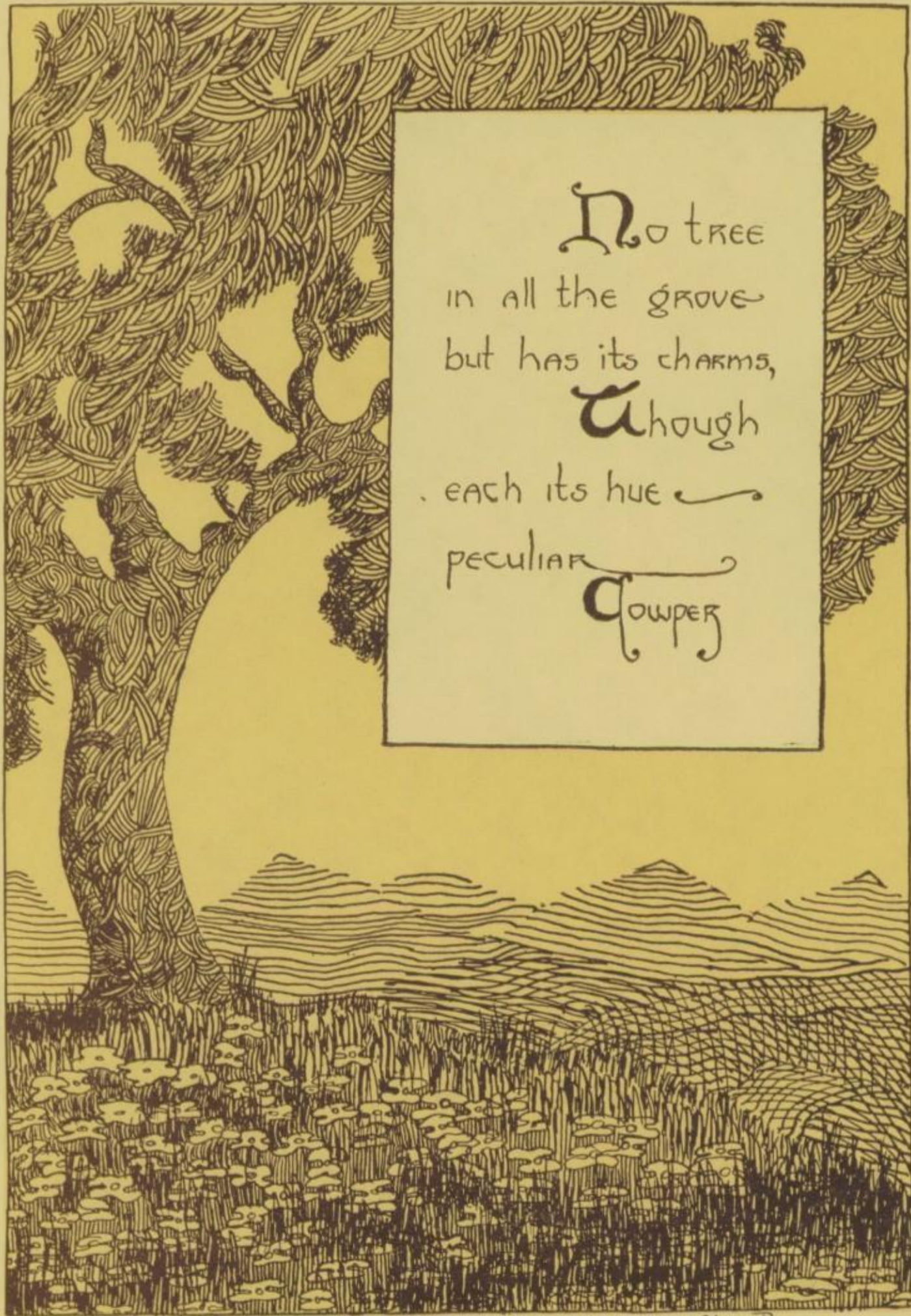
SOCIAL-SCIENCE

Luella Hall.....Head of Department
Agnes Graham.....History
Louise Rice.....History

* Succeeded by Bessie Reed

† Succeeded by Anna B. Nelson

CLASSES



No tree
in all the grove
but has its charms,
Though
each its hue
peculiar
flower

Alma Paterson—

JANUARY CLASS

IRENE CLARK

"God has given us tongues that we may say something pleasant to our fellow men."

MARGARET MASON

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."
Basketball—4.

RUTH NICHOLS

"A happy-tempered bringer of the best out of the worst."
Entered—3.

HAROLD ROUSH

"I had rather it be asked why I had not a statue, than why I had one."

RUTH STEVENS

"God giveth speech to all, song to the few."
Volley ball—2, 3; Basketball—4; Hockey—3, 4; Baseball—3, 4; Tennis—3, 4; Chorus, "Miss Cherryblossom"—3; Moon Lady, Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon."

LAURA WEAVER

"I laugh not at another's loss, I grudge not at another's gain."
Tennis—4; Baseball—3, 4; Hockey—3, 4; Volley ball—3; Chorus, "Miss Cherryblossom"—3; Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon"—4.



JUNE CLASS

HELEN BENNETT

"And she always saw the humor of it all."

Class Representative Girls' League—4; Class President—4; Tokay—4; Cum Laude—4.

BETTY ANNE NEWFIELD

"How amiable and innocent Her pleasure in her power to charm."

Tennis—1, 2, 3, 4; Doubles Championship—3; Jane Baxter, "Seventeen"—3; Assistant Editor Flame and Tokay—4; Class Vice-President—4; Swimming—4; Poetry Committee—3.

ADA KEAGLE

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act."

Captain Basketball—1; Baseball—1; Volley ball—1, 2; Captain Volley ball—2; Secretary Girls' League—2; Class Secretary—3; Class Representative—4.

MILDRED ACKER

"What man can calculate on what a girl will say or do?"

RAYMOND ADAMS

"His form was of the manliest beauty."

Football—2, 3, 4; Basketball—2, 3, 4.

MARJORIE ALMOND

"The endearing elegance of female friendship."

Flame—2; Tokay—4; Volley ball—2, 3, 4; Basketball—2, 3, 4; Tennis—2, 3; Hockey—3, 4.

ALENE ANDERSON

"An athlete of grace."

Band—2, 3, 4; Orchestra—2, 3, 4; Baseball—2, 3, 4; Volley ball—2, 3, 4; Basketball—2, 3, 4; Hockey—3, 4; Life-saving—4.

ELIZABETH BANCROFT

"Irony is jesting hidden behind gravity."

Basketball—1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3; Chorus, "In Old Louisiana"—4.



AGATHA BOHNET

"Demure and sweet."

Baseball—3; Basketball—2, 3; Vol-
ley ball—3; Hockey—2; Orchestra—
4; Band—4.

LAWRENCE BOYNTON

"He speaks less than he knows."
Basketball—2; Track—2, 3.

LILLIAH BROOKS

"To live is not merely to breathe, it
is to act."
Entered—3.

ELMER BURGSTAHLER

"The manly part is to do with might
and main what you can do."
Orchestra—3, 4; Band—3, 4.

MYRTLE BURNETT

"A woman without a laugh in her is
the greatest bore in existence."
Chorus, "Love Pirates of Hawaii"—
1; Chorus, "In Old Louisiana"—4;
Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3.

ELLEN CASSIDY

"She had a gay disposition."
Entered—3; Baseball—4; Basketball
—3; Volleyball—4; Hockey—4;
Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3;
Chorus, "In Old Louisiana"—4.

ALTHEA CLARK

"All people said she had authority."
Baseball—1, 2; Basketball—1, 2; Life-
saving—4; Chorus, "Miss Cherryblos-
som"—2; President Girls' League—4.

PATRICIA CLEMENTS

"As merry as the day is long."





LUELLA COFFMAN
"Dignified and loveable."



DONEZ EDDLEMON
"Who mixed reason with pleasure;
wisdom with mirth."
Chorus, "Miss Cherryblossom"—2;
Mrs. Montgomery, "Once in a Blue
Moon"—3; Chorus, "In Old Louisi-
ana"—4.



ARETTA ELAM
"A priceless treasure is a temper
mild."



ALVIN ENGEL
"His manhood breathes in every line
—Was ever heart more human?"
Ag. Club, Stock Judging—2, 3, 4;
Chicago Stock-Judging Team—4; Or-
chestra—3.



MARTHA FETZER
"She hath a learned look."
Prize Essay—3; Flame—3, 4; Tokay
—4; Cum Laude—4; Salutatorian—4;
Class Secretary—4.



LAURA FIELD
"Thou sayest an indisputable thing
in such a solemn way."



EDWIN FILLER
"He is well paid that is well satis-
fied."
Football—3, 4; Handball—2, 3, 4;
Swimming—4.



JAMES FRESHOUR
"I were but little happy if I could
not say much."

STROTHER FUTRELL

"He is wise who says little."
Entered—4; Band—4; Orchestra—4.

EDNA HAAS

"Whatever she doeth, she doeth well"
Orchestra—2, 3.

AUGUST HARTMAN

"It requires a surgical operation to
get a joke well into an English un-
derstanding."
Chorus, "Miss Cherryblossom"—2;
Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3;
Chorus, Marquis de la Tour, "In Old
Louisiana"; Boys' Quartette—3, 4.

MARGUERITE HATFIELD

"She laughs, commands, and talks
with her eyes."

REINHART HEINITZ

"Oh! thou art a gentleman."
Football—2, 3, 4; Basketball—4; Cum
Laude—4.

CLIFFORD HELLWIG

"And still they gazed and still the
wonder grew;
That one small head could carry all
he knew."
Orchestra—4; Band—4.

VERNON HILLMAN

"I'll speak in a monstrous little
voice."
Football—3.

BURTON HUDSON

"Cudgel thy brains no more about."
Class Vice-President—1; Class Presi-
dent—3; Track—3, 4; Flame—4.





WALDEMAR JACOBSEN

"I shall try to convince you."
Lloyd, "Golden Days"—4; Mr. King,
"Adam and Eva"—4; Band—2, 3, 4;
Orchestra—2, 3, 4; Tokay—4.



ANNA BELLE JAMES

"So unaffected, so composed a mind."
Cum Laude—3, 4.



HERMAN JOHNS

"Language of nature is universal lan-
guage."
Entered—3; Second-High Man in
Poultry—3; Chicago Judging Team—
4; Tokay—4.



CLOVIS KETTELMAN

"She is pretty to walk with,
She is pretty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on."
Junior Representative Girls' League
—3.



HARRY KIEMELE

"Those who knew him, liked him."
Football—2; Captain Swimming—3;
Swimming—3, 4.



TADAAKI KISHIDA

"Endurance is the crowning quality
and patience all the passion of great-
ness."



EVA KLAFFKE

"Constant as the northern star
She hath Diana's wit."
Entered—3; Basketball—3; Tennis—
3; Volley ball—3; Baseball—3.



JAMES LAUCLAND

"Long and supple was he."
Football—4.

JULIUS LILIENTHAL

"Most unassuming of our men."
Track—2, 3, 4.

NOLA McCLUNG

"Deep brown eyes running o'er with
glee."
Basketball—2, 3, 4; Baseball—4; Vol-
ley ball—3, 4; Life-saving—4; Hockey
—3, 4.

DELL McCLURE

"When in the course of human events
it becomes necessary for us to scrap,
let us scrap."
Football—3, 4; Stage Manager—3, 4.

MILDRED MERRILL

"To know her is to love her, and she
is well known."

LEONA MICHAELIS

"Like a poet hidden in the light of
thought."
Orchestra—3, 4.

IOLA MILLER

"I am giddy; expectation whirls me
round."

WINFIELD MONTGOMERY

"Who lives without folly is not so
wise as he thinks."
Class Yell Leader—1, 2, 3, 4; Student
Body Yell Leader—1, 2; Football—2,
3, 4; Mr. Timms, "In Old Louisiana."

RUTH MOTZ

"I laugh, for hope hath happy place
for me."



DANIEL NETZ

"Let another man praise ye."

HELEN NEUMANN

"Deep in her heart a passion for fun
grows
In spite of troubles, storms, and
woes."

Basketball—2, 3; Baseball—2, 3; Vol-
ley ball—2, 3; Hockey—2, 3; Flame
—2, 3, 4; Tokay—3, 4; Vice-Presi-
dent Girls' League—3; Vice-President
Student Body—4; Corinthia, "Adam
and Eva"—4; Poetry Committee—3.

LOUIS NEUMANN

"Meet the senior, far renowned for
sense,
With rev'rent awe, but decent confi-
dence."

Flame—3, 4; Tokay—3, 4; Editor
Flame and Tokay—4; Poetry Com-
mittee—3; Wally Banks—"Seven-
teen"—3; Adam, "Adam and Eva"—
4; Old Ned, "In Old Louisiana"—4.

HERBERT OSTERMANN

"Nothing great was achieved with-
out enthusiasm."

FRANK PEIKERT

"I can refute my worthy opponent."
Cum Laude—1, 4; Valedictorian—4;
Band—1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra—1, 2, 3, 4.

ALICE PETERSON

"Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair."
Orchestra—3, 4; Band—3, 4.

LLOYD PHELPS

"Nothing succeeds like success."

ALLEN POOL

"I feel as big as anybody."
Cum Laude—1, 4; Captain Horse-
shoes—4.



IRENE POPE

"So sweet, so loveable."

OLIVER POPE

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Football—2, 3, 4; Track—2, 3, 4;
Captain Track—4.

AUGUST POSER

"A self-made man."

Track—2, 3, 4; Captain Track—3.

EDGAR RICHARDS

"Ever silent and thoughtful."

M. Rene Le Mon, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3; Jack Martin, "In Old Louisiana"—4.

ARTHUR RITZMAN

"Life is what you make it."

Entered—2; Band—2, 3; Orchestra—2, 3.

DORIS ROSS

"A natural specimen of girlhood."

Tennis—1; Tokay—4.

MATHILDA SCHLICHTER

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Flame—2; Tokay—2, 4; Cum Laude—4.

REINHART SENNER

"A born fighter was he."

Football—2; Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3; MacDougal, "In Old Louisiana"—4; Swimming—4.





WILMA SHINN

"Time's no longer if we hurry;
The world's no better if we worry."



MINNIE SIEMERING

"Tall and slender of form."
Basketball—4; Baseball—4.



CLINTON SMITH

"The world knows nothing of its
greatest men."
Class President—2; Class Represen-
tative—3; Student Program Commit-
tee—3, 4; Basketball—3, 4; Track—
2, 3, 4; Tennis—3, 4; Captain Tennis
—3, 4; School Tennis Champion—3,
4; Swimming—4; Typing Team—4;
Dr. Delameter, "Adam and Eva"—4;
President Student Body—4.



LEWIS SMITHSON

"Fair words never hurt the tongue."
Orchestra—1, 3; Boys' Quartette—1,
2, 3, 4; Chorus, "Love Pirates of Ha-
waii"—1; Chorus, "Miss Cherryblos-
som"—2; Chorus, "Once in a Blue
Moon"—3; Monty Gray, "In Old
Louisiana."



MARGARET SMITHSON

"She has soft blue eyes and flaxen
hair."
Tennis—4; Orchestra—1, 2, 3; Cho-
rus, "Miss Cherryblossom"—2; Cho-
rus, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3;
Chorus, "In Old Louisiana"—4.



CLAIR SNYDER

"Sad to think that the year is all but
done."



LE ROY SNYDER

"He had a wonderful sense of hu-
mor."



FRANK STAFFORD

"Pastime with good company, I love,
and shall until I die."

HUGH STEACY

He must be, he is, he cannot but be wise."

Class President—1; Cum Laude—1; Class Representative—2; Business Manager Tokay—3; Tennis—3.

ELISABETH THOMAS

"Untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony."

Band—2, 3; Orchestra—1, 2, 3; Baseball—1; Life-saving—4; School pianist—2, 3, 4; Shakespearean contest—2.

RUTH TOLLIVER

"Thou bring'st valour too, and wit, Two things that seldom fail to fit."

Basketball—1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball—1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey—3, 4; Volley ball—1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3; Chorus, "In Old Louisiana"—4; Sophomore Representative Girls' League—2.

HILDA ULMER

"Valient, wise, resourceful, well accomplished."

Volley ball—1; Hockey—4; Basketball—4; Baseball—3, 4; Swimming—4; Chorus, "In Old Louisiana"—4.

PEARL VEIT

"As fair as her name."

Band—3, 4; Orchestra—3, 4; Baseball—2; Basketball—2; Hockey—2.

REX VOSBURG

"I dare do all that will become a man."

Entered—4.

HAROLD WAKEFIELD

"Such a likeable personality."

Property Manager, Athletic Manager—2; Football—3, 4; Basketball—3; Baseball—1, 2; Treasurer Ag. Club—4.

CLARA WALL

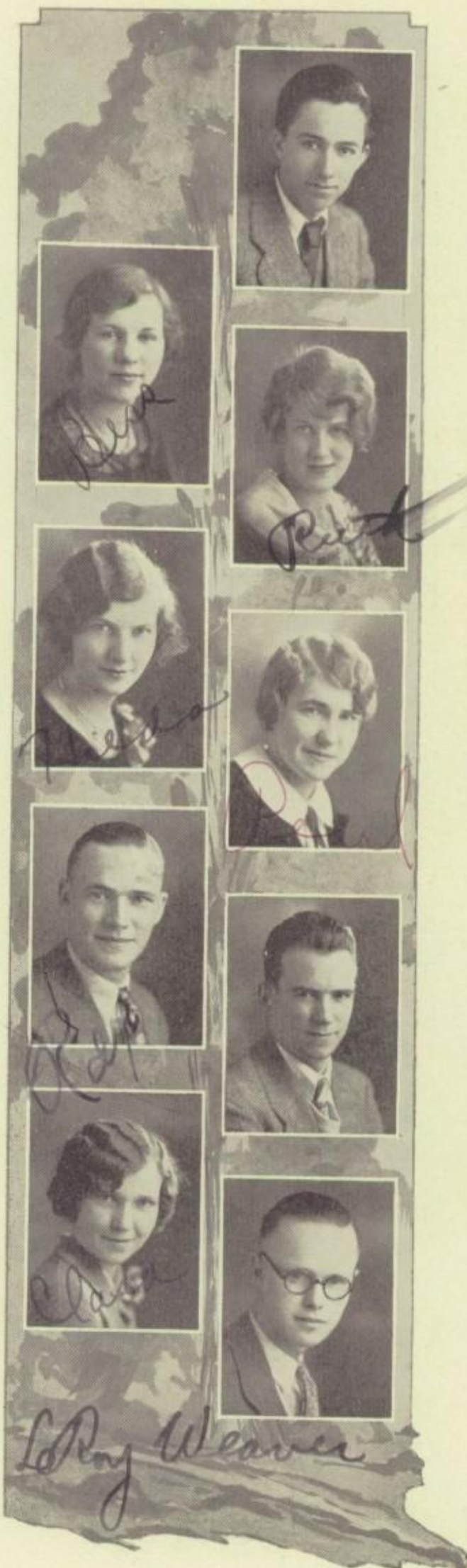
"A little girl with a pleasant smile."

Baseball—1, 2, 3, 4; Volley ball—1, 3; Basketball—1, 2, 3; Tennis—3; Hockey—2, 3; Life-saving—4; Class Vice-President—3.

LE ROY WEAVER

"I do not care to speak."

Football—4; Cum Laude—4.





MARGARET WEAVER

"Don't ever prophesy — unless ye know."
Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3;
Chorus, "In Old Louisiana"—4;
Hockey—3; Basketball—4.

MELVIN WEBER

"Give me a book I can read."

MELISSA WELSH

"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, and so do I."
Hockey—2, 3; Tennis—3, 4; Basketball—1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball—1, 2, 3, 4;
Volley ball—1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming—4; Girls' Athletic Manager—4;
Treasurer of Girls' League—4; Tokay—4; Flame—4; Program Committee—4; Julie, "Adam and Eva"—4.

MABLE WELTY

"Her cheerfulness is an offshoot of her goodness."

ARTHUR WERNER

"Silence is sweeter than speech."
Football—3; Typing Award.

EVELYN WILL

"She is winsome and bonny."
Chorus, "Once in a Blue Moon."

WALTER WILLIAMS

"His smile is contagious."

FRANK WIRTZ

"When he goes whistling down the street,
His eyes are young, and young his feet."
Football—4; Basketball—2, 4; Track—3, 4; Chorus, "Miss Cherryblossm"—3; Chorus, "In Old Louisiana"—4.

WALTON WOODSON

"With mouth stern, his eyes smile."
Chorus, "Miss Cherryblossm"—2; Englishman, "Once in a Blue Moon"—3; Scudder, "In Old Louisiana"—4.

Prophecy of Class of 1928

The class of 1928? Oh, yes, here it is—hmm—about ninety-three or four. "Pretty good class." Who? Donez Eddlemon? Why she married some oil magnate of South America, "The belle of South America" she was. Dell McClure? Oh! he is "herding" marines somewhere in Africa, his men call him "Old blood and thunder" but they don't desert him. Betty Newfield? Yes she's Admiral Gannon's best bet now. Herbert Osterman? He's still poking around the Patagonia looking for the lost nation. Nola McClung? She's christianizing the heathens of the Arctic regions. Reinhart Senner? Yes he is lecturing on the "Evils of Pugilistic Combat," backed by his wife who was Leona Michaelis. You've heard of Margaret Smithson? No? Well, she, in company with Ruth Tolliver, is trying for Mars in search of better men. Yes, Hugh Steacy is washing bottles for one of Heinz's fifty-seven varieties, and Clinton Smith is "loading" them. Helen Neumann is joke editor of the Christian Science Monitor, but Waldemar Jacobsen is the force behind the paper. Winfield Montgomery? Why, he's the most hen-pecked man of all this county; his wife's name was Helen Bennett you know. Elizabeth Bancroft is the Cotton Queen. James Freshour? He's the sun's only rival. Why, half the girls don't know whether it's evening or morning when he's around. Mathilda Schlichter, is said by critics, reliable ones, to be Sinclair Lewis, Emerson, Scott and Nicholson all in one. Oh, here is Wilma Shinn—keeper of the Stafford-light-beacon at the South Pole; sure, Frank Stafford is the inventor. Minnie Siemering is still flying instructor of the Helio-copter Company; Allen Pool is the owner. There's a vague rumor of matrimony there.

Marjorie Almond and Frank Peikert are developing formulas for the decrease of speed due to air resistance to be used in that concern. Doris Ross is the historian of the Wild West between nineteen twenty and nineteen forty, having made personal observations of that period. Clair Snyder is the head of the department of Political Methods, but seems skeptical of any success. Yes, he is the same, Rev. Vosberg; he is now playing "Woman Killers," but he is good company. Leroy Weaver now is Commanding Officer of the United States African Geological Survey. Clara Wall Weaver is his able assistant and chaperone, there being many belles in Africa. Melvin Weber is playing opposite Irene Pope in "The Cowboy of the Clouds," lecturing between acts on the true picture of the Western Cowboy. Arthur Werner is the political boss of Alaska; sad but true, Louis Neumann has degraded himself at last to editor in chief of Arthur's news ring.

Elizabeth Thomas, why she is **the** Elizabeth Thomas, the reproduction of Old Masters. Melissa Welch and Clifford Helwig are collaborating on the "Dangers of the Stage Door." Julius Lillienthal? Yes he is San "Jokin's" millionaire farmer. Mabel Welty is helping the domestic end of the farm business. Leroy Snyder and Evelyn Will are producing ultra modern hits of **coarse music**. I saw yesterday that Frank Wirtz and Althea Clerk are introducing a comedy of prehistoric high school days, 1928. Mildred Acker has combined two great police systems by persuading "The Patrolman of the Ether" to marry her; he is Daniel Netz.

Walter Williams, Harold Wakefield and Oliver Pope are designing and building a huge inter-planetary express boat to be used by passengers in



search of Hades. Myrtle Burnett and Iola Miller, with Arthur Ritzman and Vernon Hilman, are introducing the new "Dance of the Moon Men." No! but Luella Coffman is exploring the Atlantic sea bottom for the route used by Columbus and Cortez, believing that, contrary to ordinary supposition, Columbus did not go by boat but marched, thus saving the Queen's jewels. Perhaps Raymond Adams's diving operations off the coast of Pennsylvania may be a clue to Luella's acts. Pearl Veit, Agatha Bohnet, and Lillian Brooks are in an endurance run for old maids, but little hope is held for Agatha, as Laurence Boynton looks ugly when any male looks at her.

Alene Anderson and Ellen Cassidy are lecturing on bad manners as expressed by the Ukelele, and also they are teaching the Laplanders to swim. Ada Keagle and August Hartman have announced their intentions of entering the race for happiness by becoming one. There are several other contestants in the race; among them are Strother Futrell and Aretta Elam Futrell, Reinhart and Marguerite Hatfield Heinitz, Burton and Eva Klaffke Hudson. The young couples are at present residing in the spacious Johns Apartments owned by Herman Johns.

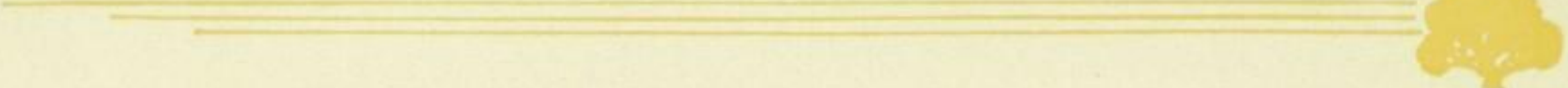
James Lauchland and Tadaaki Kishida ballistic experts, are engaged in the Woodson-Richards Firearms Corporation, owned, controlled, and designed by Walton Woodson and Edgar Richards, advocates of World Peace. Martha Fetzer, Anna Belle James, Margaret Weaver, and Edna Haas are operating a hairpin factory in hopes of the return of long hair. Patricia Clements is Alvin Engel's secretary, and you know what that means.

Ruth Motz—oh, she's the Angel of the Slums of the Barnhart Tract in the great city of Lodi. Reverend Edwin Filler and his dutiful wife, whose maiden name was Laura Fields, have just been installed in the pastorate of the striving city of Live Oak.

Elmer Burgstahler, the great virtuoso, and his accomplished accompanist, Alice Peterson, have decided to keep all the money in the family and have thus combined the two most popular musicians of the lime light. Strother Futrell, by the way, is the head of the international chain of restaurants with the head office at Livermore.

Lewis Smithson is the organist of the Non-sectarian Cathedral of Lodi, the greatest cathedral since St. Peter's at Rome. August Poser is in Athens training the Athenian youths for the Olympic Games. Hilda Ulmer? She's the owner of the chain of "Ye Elusive Beauty Shops," with its center in Victor. Lloyd Phelps is the sole owner and establisher of "Phillip's," the center of the fashion parade of the United States.

By Walton W. Woodson.



Night

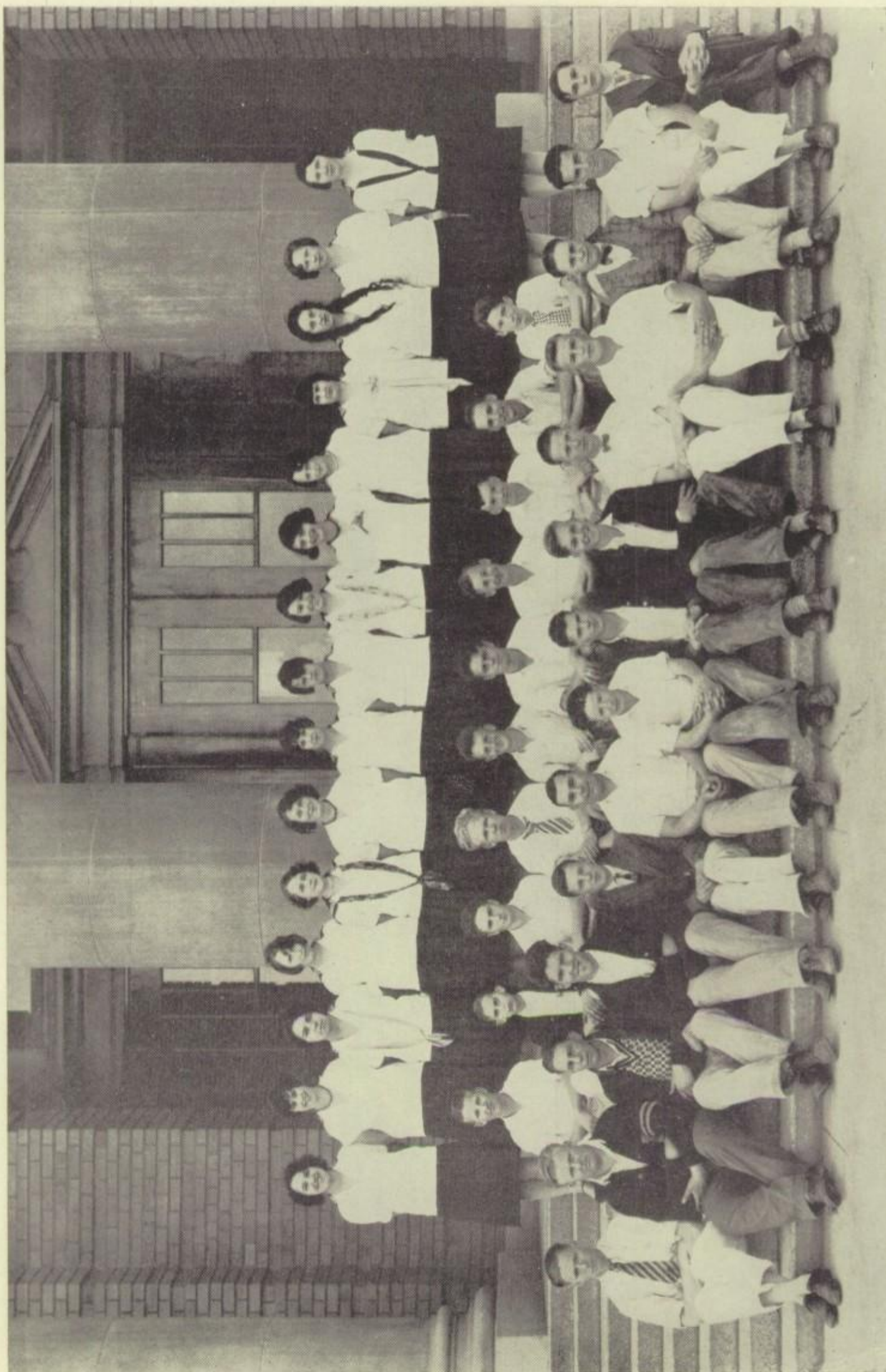
The sun has sunk far, far away,
Leaving its showers of golden ray.
Things are tried;
'Tis the end of a day.

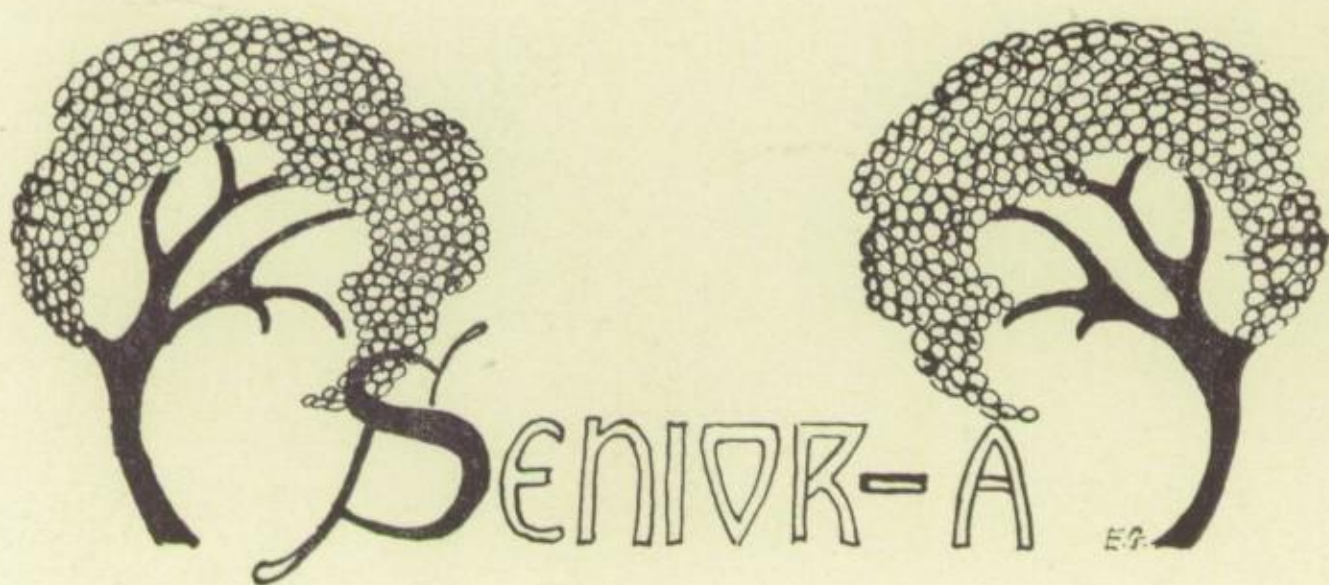
Twilight comes with shadows deep,
Shadows of purple and black do creep.
The stars soon dot the azure sky,
With their tiny lights away on high.

The moon slowly rises,
With her graceful sway;
Then travels serenely on,
Lighting up the milky way.

Night slowly passes,
Passes as a dream.
Then morning dawns
With brightness and sheen.

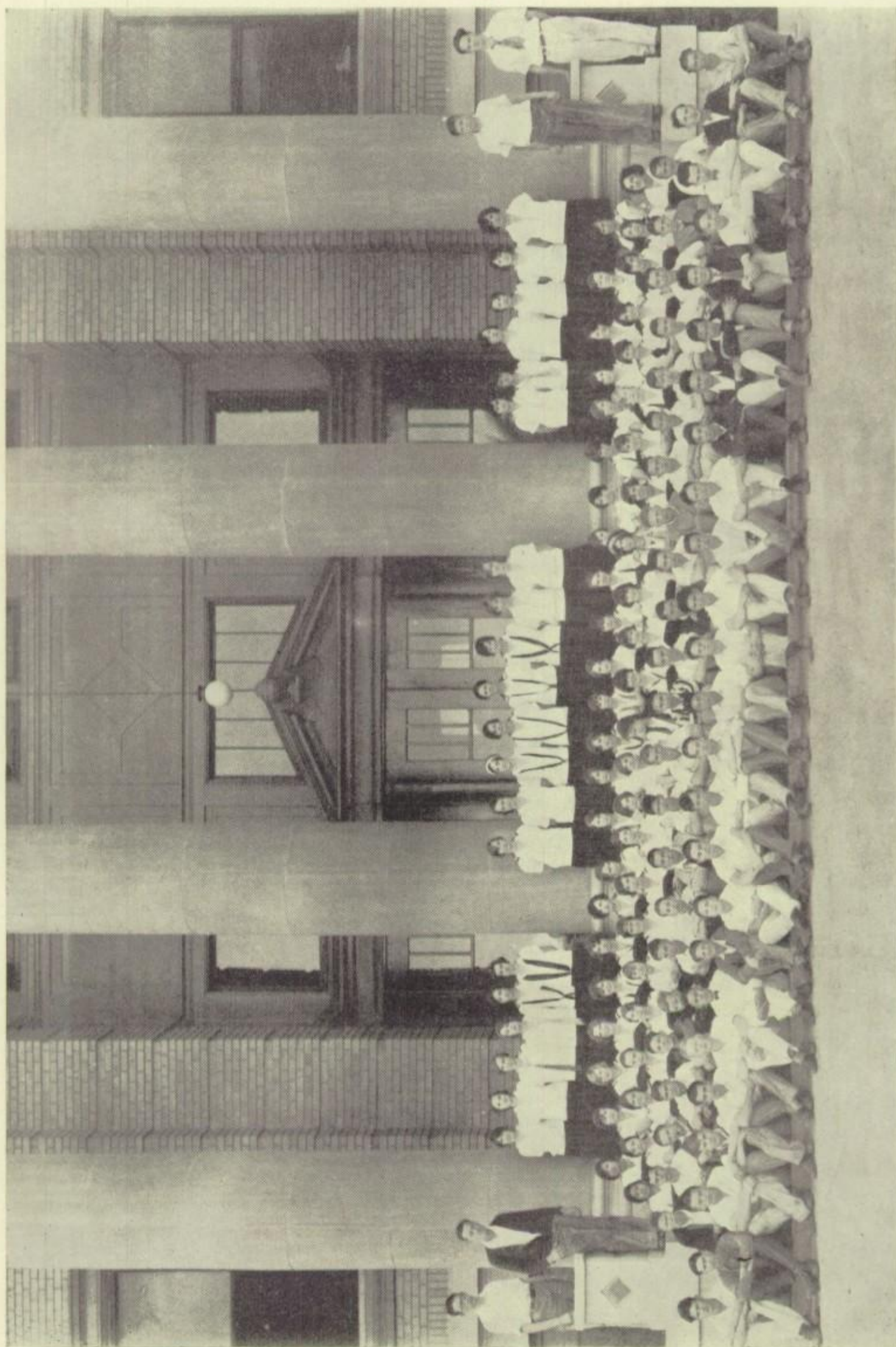
—Flossie Allen

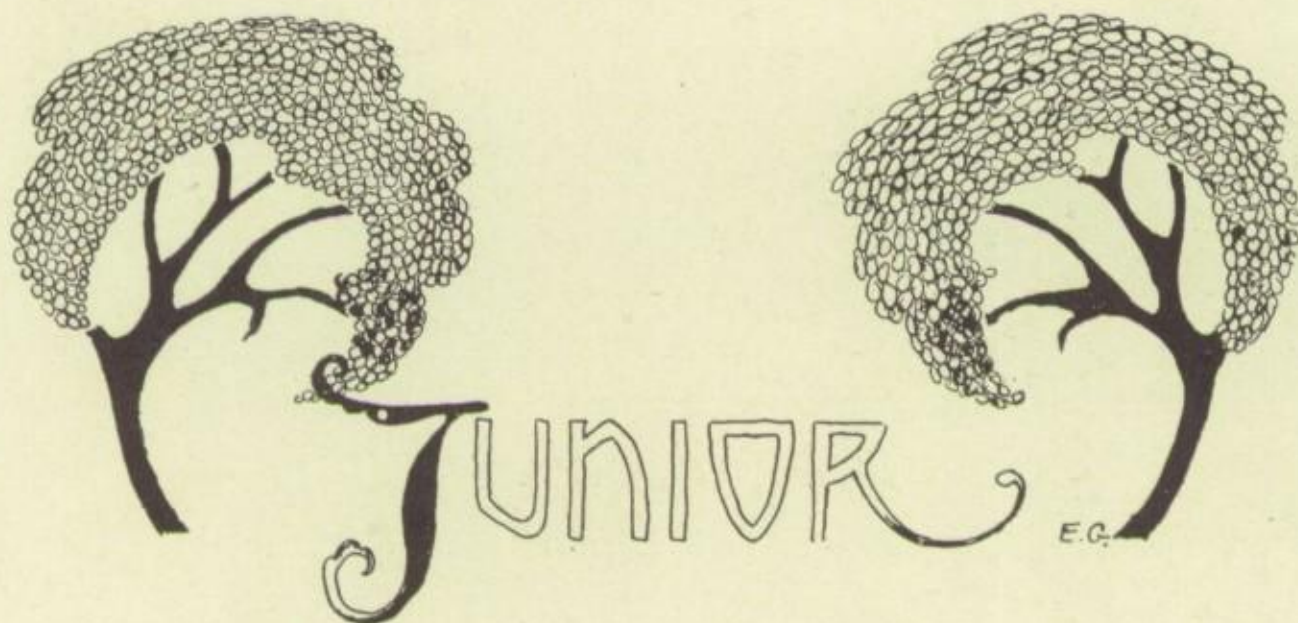




Class History

The Senior A Class will be the second class to graduate from Lodi Union High School in mid-year. This class is not organized in itself. It therefore changes officers every half year. The Senior A's began high school under the officers of the freshman class, which was then in its second semester. In the fall, they switched to the beginning freshmen, and then to the sophomore class in mid-term. They have given athletes to the school—tennis players, basket ball players, swimmers, track men—in fact, men in every line of sport. There are actors among them; and they have the champion for accuracy in typing. This class may be a class of pioneers, but every one of its members is alive and progressive.





Class History

The class of '29, now occupying the position of Juniors, upon entering Lodi Union High School this September, 1927, had one hundred and fifty students enrolled.

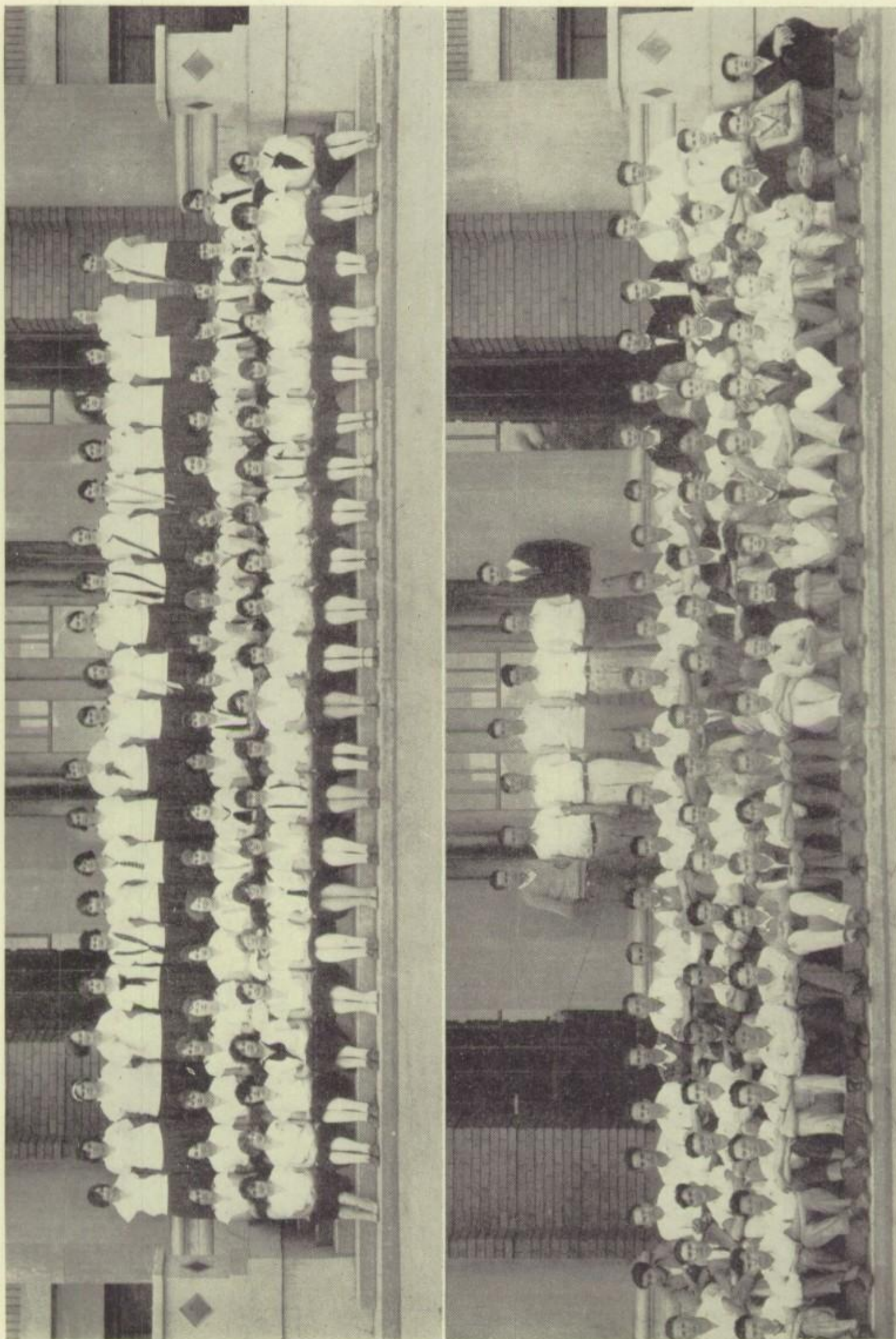
Of course, the 1928 Junior Class is prominent! Has it not been so since the very first day of entrance as Freshmen? Has it not produced some of the best football, basketball, track and tennis players in our school? Even the girls are doing their share in sports. The Junior girls received the Pentathelon Cup by winning the championship in volleyball, basketball and baseball. They won first and second place in doubles in tennis.

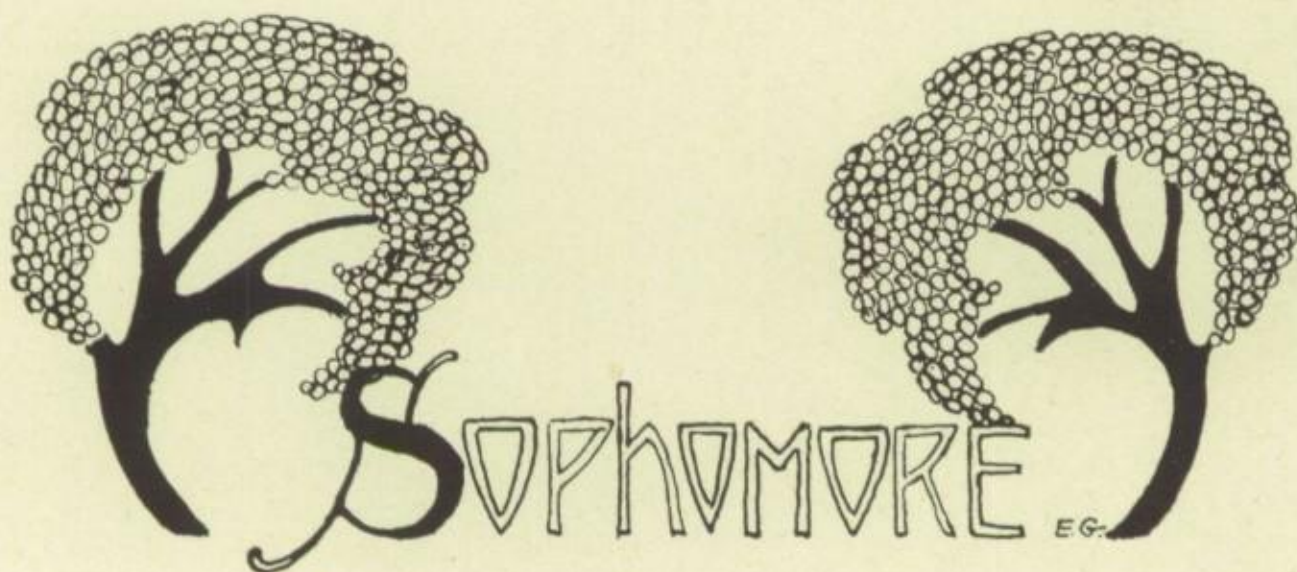
Not only in athletics does the class of '29 excel, but it has contributed very consistently to the Honor Roll, to the literary and musical talent of the school, as shown by the number of Juniors in the cast of plays and operettas, and to the champion Stock-Judging Team of California.

At the first of the term we elected the following officers: Clinton Jewett, President; Verla Coleman, Vice President; Theodore Nickel, Secretary-Treasurer; Anna Devine, Class Representative; and Harold Tower, Class Yell Leader.

Here's hoping this class of '29 will still maintain its prominence as sedate Seniors!

—ANNA DEVINE.





Class History

In the fall of 1926 two hundred green and scared Freshmen obtained admittance to the Lodi Union High School.

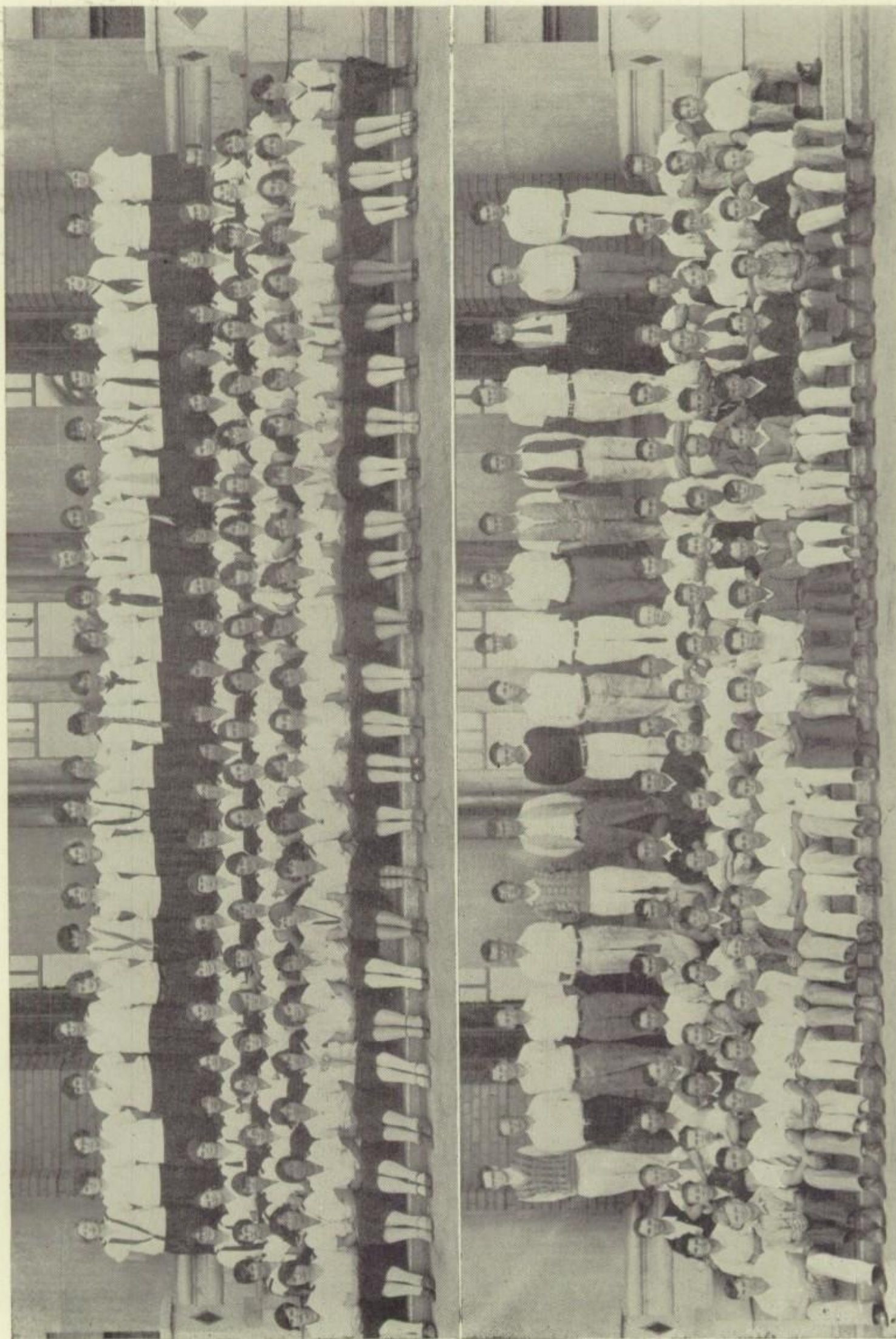
Their first act was to elect Charles Hackel, President; Chester Harder, Vice President; Reuben Burgstahler, Secretary and Treasurer, and George Gannon, Class Representative.

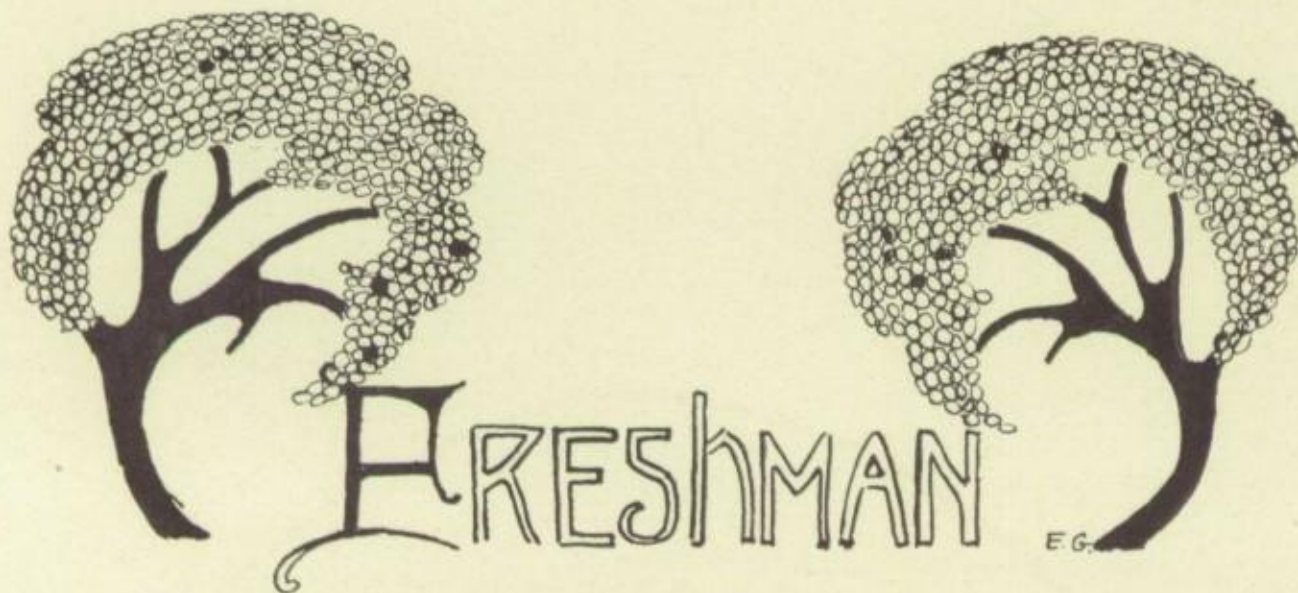
The fall of 1927 found the class of '30 brave and minus the green. It had many representatives in the band and orchestra. Five of our men made block letters on the first team football, and several played on the second team. We were well represented in basketball and track. The girls fared very well in their athletics.

This year we chose Marion Lasell to lead the class of '30; Laura Perrin, as Vice President; Eugene Courtney, as Secretary and Treasurer; and Knox Marshall as Class Representative.

Thus our second year finds us active and loyal supporters of the Lodi Union High School.

EUGENE COURTNEY.





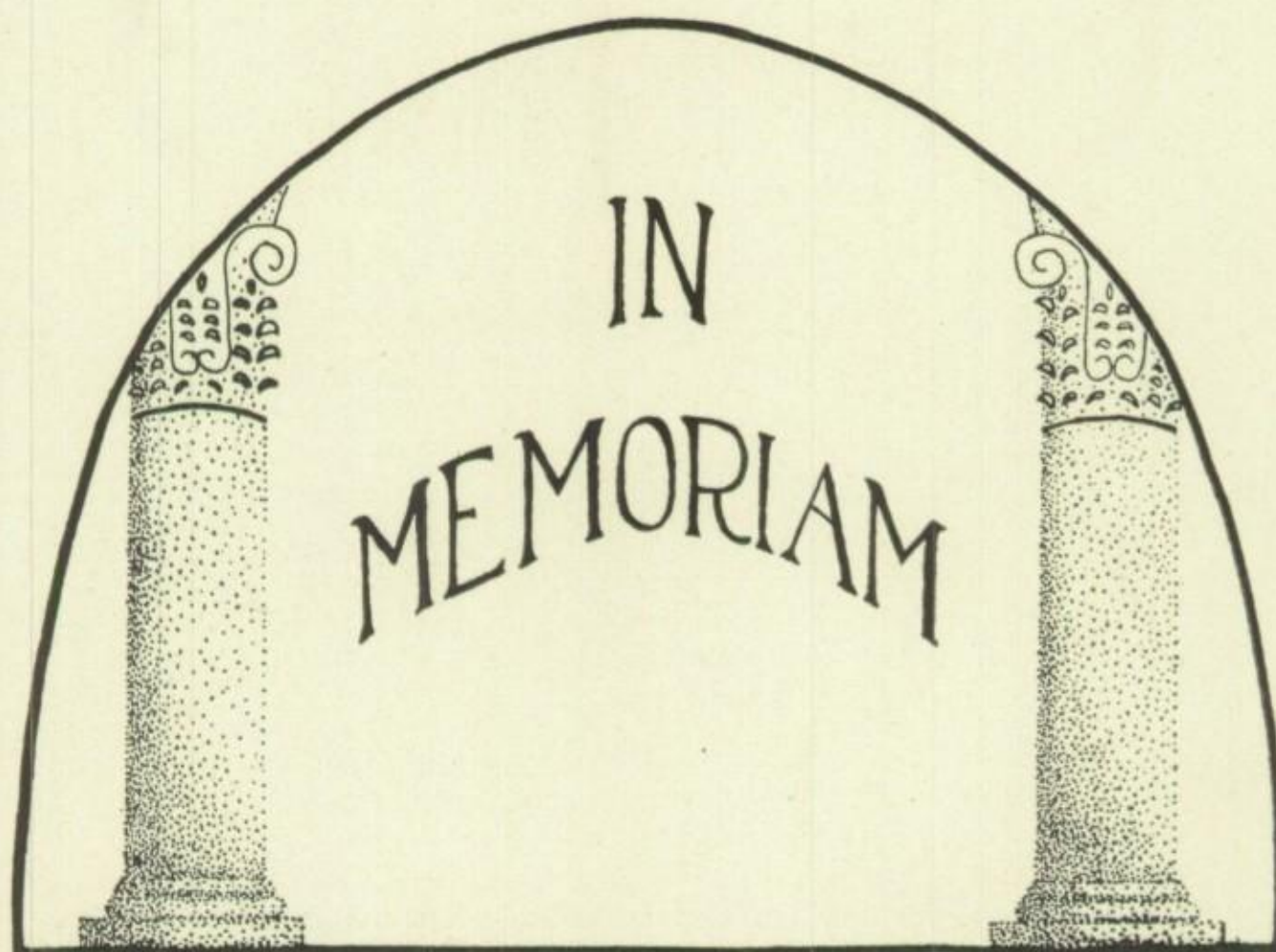
Class History

The saplings are growing into trees. They have dropped their bright green leaves and have taken on a more sedate shade of the same color, which denotes their year's growth in sophistication. We seek knowledge, and our roots are reaching down to the springs of the god of wisdom and are drawing its water up into ourselves.

We are working hard for a place in the sun among the lordly sophomores, juniors and seniors. In school activities we are well represented. Mettler and Terwillagher earned block L's, and circle L's were awarded to Matsuhairo and Bietz in track. We have the distinction of having the short of the school in Ward Smith and Gerald Clouse, if not the long of it.

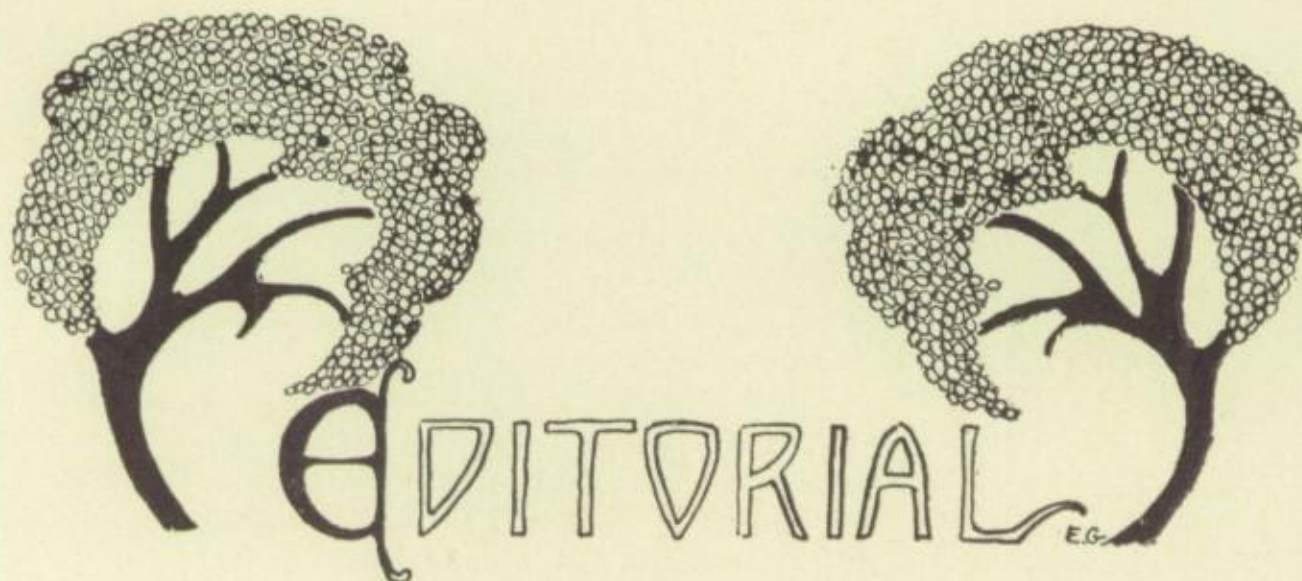
Those who have guided in the trials of our freshman year are: Ward Smith, President; Margaret Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer, and Gerald Clouse, Class Representative.

GURDON LEETE.



B. Frey

Irma Hugazi
Class '31



Assembly Programs

Last year, a program committee was selected, with a representative from each class, to provide entertainment for the students in assembly. Programs were given at rather irregular intervals during the school year of 1926-27. This year, as might be expected, the committee made a one-hundred-per cent improvement in the number as well as in the variety of the programs presented. Several short plays, recitations, vocal and instrumental music provided by Miss Marchant's and Mr. Cross' classes, harmonica solos, and other demonstrations of student talent were given nearly every day. A bit of fun in assembly helps to keep many a student's day from being spoiled. If you do not believe that, ask the students themselves. They will tell you.

The Swimming Tank

The beginning of the school year found another improvement at Lodi High. We possess one of the finest swimming tanks in the state. Some of the taxpayers may think that the forty thousand dollars which was used in its construction was wasted. Such is not the case, for not only do all the gym classes enjoy refreshing plunges, but many of the lower classmen and some of the upper classmen are learning to swim. Their experiences in this activity may prove of use to them in an emergency, for lives are often lost by drowning merely because no one near can swim well enough or think fast enough to save them. The girls are having special instruction in life-saving. On the whole, that money does not seem such a bad investment.

The Football Season

"Signals! Twenty-three! Seven! —!"

How well we remember that afternoon when the Tarzans and the Flames met in their sixth annual struggle for the football honors of this section of the C. I. F. How well we remember the smashing attacks that the Stockton team made on our line. How well we remember the hard fight that Lodi's boys put up. We have forgotten the score, but we do remember that we were decisively beaten.

Being defeated, did the Flames hang their heads and walk off the field? They did not! Both the players and the rooters cheered the winning team.

Some may say that the 1927 football season was not a success. We beat Woodland by only one point. Stockton easily kept us from getting the sectional championship. But what of it! We have found that our boys can accept defeat as well as victory. It has been proved that Flame spirit cannot be quenched, even though the team is vanquished. The 1927 season was one of good, clean sport; and, after all, "it is better to have played the game and lost—."

Our boys have always "played the game," and may they ever do so.

Inter-Class Games

Last March and April the four classes brought out their best athletes for basketball, swimming, baseball, horseshoes, track and handball. The teams, or perhaps the individual players, of each class played those of every other class. In this way it was possible to find out what class had the best athletes in each line, and as a whole. Not only did these contests promote a spirit of friendly rivalry, but they also determined what students in each class were best suited for the school teams. The seniors, naturally enough, won the tournaments, but many lower classmen with decided athletic ability were discovered. A great many more boys also became interested in sports in general.

On the whole, these inter-class games have severally been a real success. Why not keep them up?

Prizes

Annual Prizes

Cover cut.....	Helen Neumann
Inside cut (Ex Libris page).....	Nancy Bewley
Snapshot (Five best snaps).....	Clinton Smith
First honorable mention.....	Herman Johns
Second honorable mention.....	Raymond Stuck
Prize story.....	James Conklin, Jr.
First honorable mention.....	Bonnie Bare
Second honorable mention.....	Martha Fetzer
Prize poem.....	Melba Crete
Honorable mention.....	
.....	Elizabeth Bonine, Bonnie Bare, Barbara Phillips, Patricia Clements

Other Prizes

Don Smithson won honorable mention with his art work, which was exhibited at the California School of Fine Arts—1927.

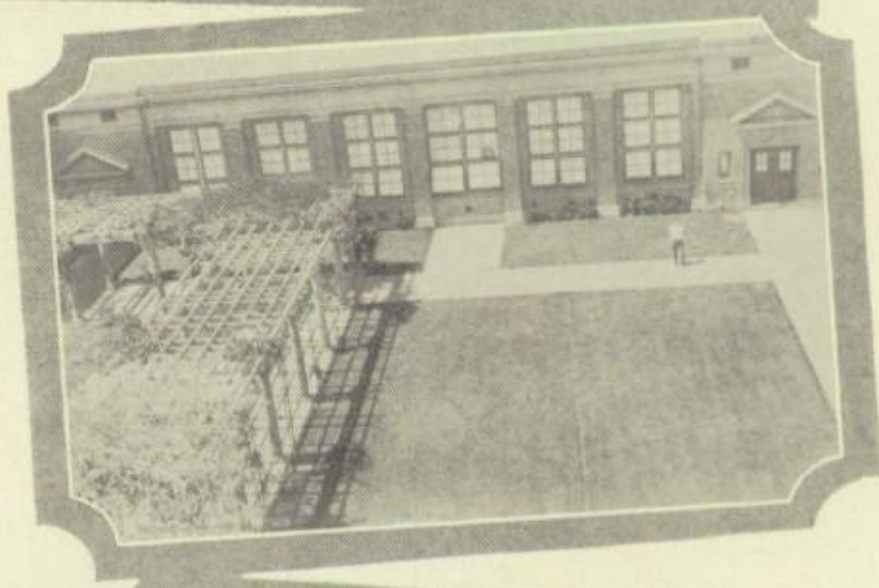
Elizabeth Bancroft won a fourth prize of five dollars with a poster advertizing the National Orange Show in Southern California.

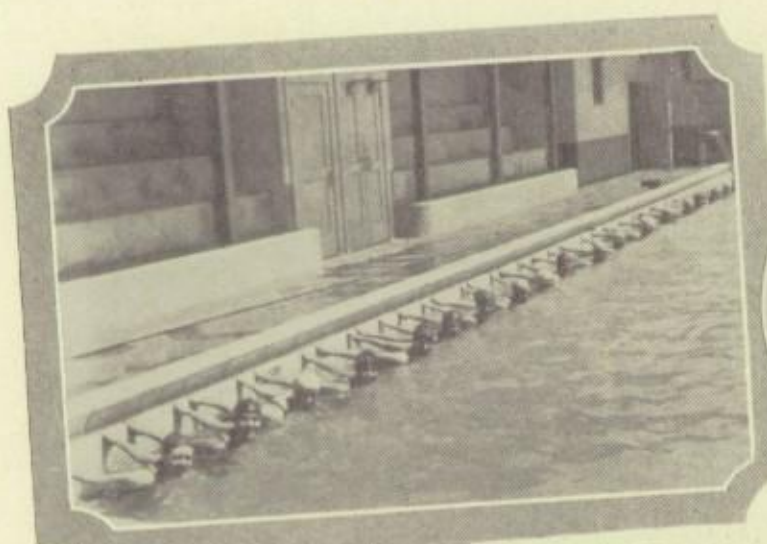
Roy Brown took first place for accuracy in a typing contest at Sacramento with forty-four words and one error.

Let us live as the trees—tall, and straight and clean. Let us die as the trees—with the glory of Life's Sunset beautifying and ennobling us.



These are some of the beautiful spots on the High School grounds. The buildings, the flowers, the shrubbery are all elements in a picture that the students who leave Lodi High will never forget.





Oh,
S
K
I
N
N
A
Y!



C'mon in an' swim! These pictures savor not at all of the ole swimmin' hole. They show Lodi's latest attempt to make stronger and healthier men and women out of her boys and girls.

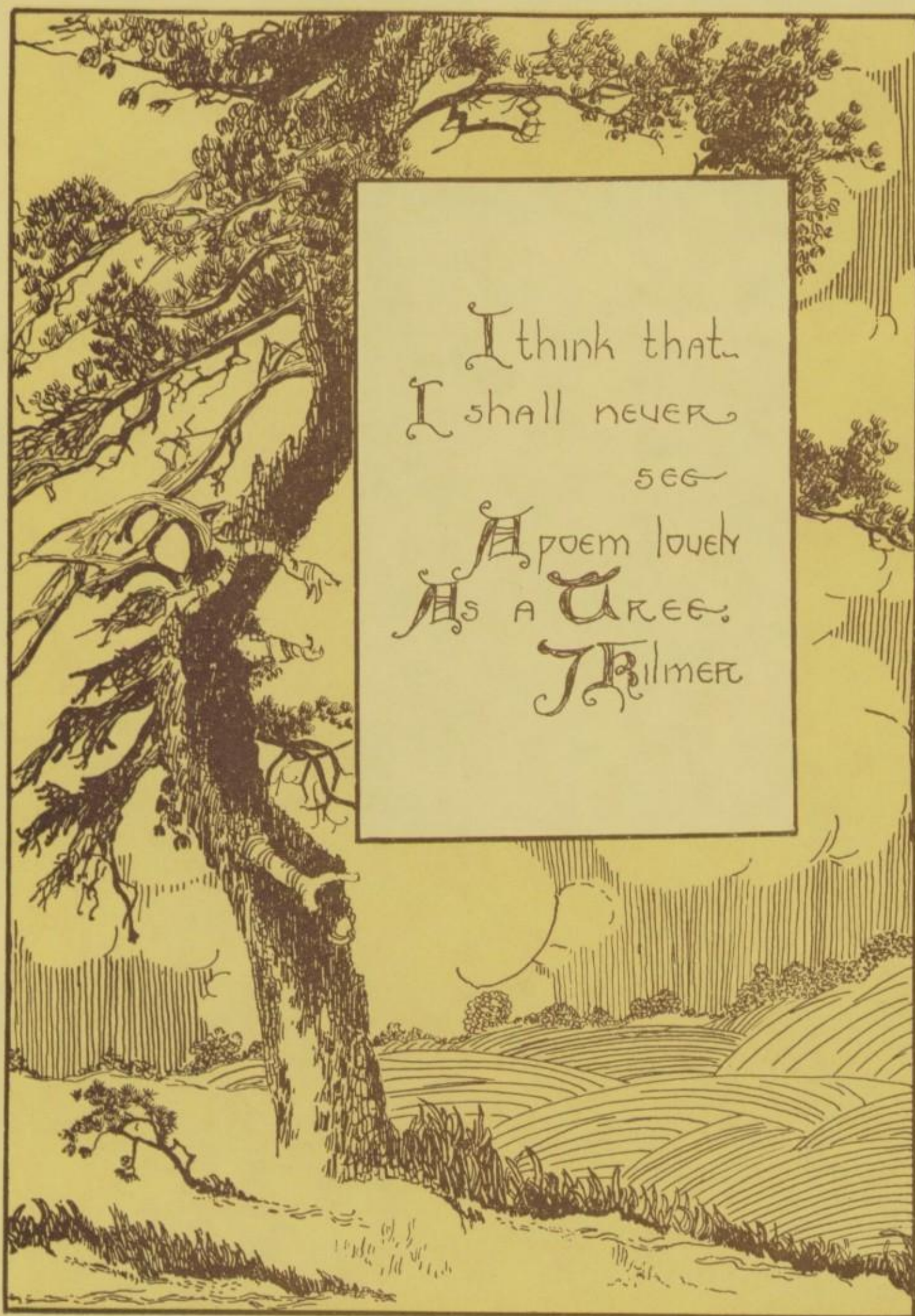


Night

Honorable Mention

The prairies stretched about me—
Limitless—unbroken—save for, here and there
A solitary tree—a sentinel in the night.
A low, black rim encircled
The horizon * * * And massed above were clouds,
Black and close to earth, and fading slowly
To grey, higher in the heavens where
The moon was hid * * *
As I watched, the grey clouds passing o'er the face
Of the moon, parted, and left
The moon brilliant in the blackness of the sky.
A few stars shone—jewels in the diadem
Of which the moon was the crown jewel.
Suddenly the silence was shattered by the poignant call
Of a bird to his mate, which answered
From afar; a dog barked—
Faint in the distance * * *
I glanced up.
Thick black clouds
Hid the face of the moon
And scudded across the sky.
Rain came, falling softly on the prairie
And drowning out the wistful call of the bird
To his mate afar.

—Bonnie Bare.



I think that
I shall never
see
A poem lovelier
As a tree.
W. L. Gilmer

ELIZABETH GRANLERS.

Wise One

James Conklin, Jr.

PRIZE STORY



N A secluded spot in the high Sierras lies a beautiful little crescent-shaped lake, completely surrounded by towering, snow-capped peaks and rugged bluffs. At the north end of this lake a stream is seen, starting high up on the hill, and rushing downward to the lake through a narrow sluice formed by solid rock. As it gathers momentum over the slick rock, it is seen to leave the bed and to arch over the bluff into a cascade of medium height but of miraculous beauty. Striking its course again, at a spot about five feet from the foot of the bluff, it drives downward, gurgling and foaming among the rocks. Now, this fall is at the extreme tip of the crescent, and is surrounded by high perpendicular bluffs which prevent the average fisherman from placing his bait at the right place.

Lying beneath his rock in the bottom of the pool, Wise One was gleefully watching the fruitless efforts of a fisherman, who was trying to reach the deep water with his bait. Wise One was a large rainbow trout of about four pounds, and king of the lake. The bright red stripe along each of his sides gleamed in the clear water, as his broad, speckled tail wove slowly back and forth. His large square jaw slowly opened and closed, forcing the water out through his gills, which sustained the life in his graceful figure.

While Wise One was thus reclining on the moss beside his rock, Little One, a smaller rainbow of about one pound, weaving his way among the rocks, came upon the bulk of his friend.

"Hello Old Timer," the newcomer greeted. "How are you today?"

"Oh, I'm all right," commented the addressed. "Just taking a little snooze is all."

"I'm so sorry to have interrupted the repose of such a benevolent one," remarked the smaller fish, "but I just felt kind of lonesome; so I thought I'd come around."

"There is no occasion to apologize," replied Wise One; "I slept later than usual this morning, and now I'm rather hungry."

On saying this, the king let out an extra puff of water, gave a thrash to his tail, and flashed into the swiftest part of the stream, where he took down a fat grub.

Little One remarked on his return, "My, what good manners you have."

"Oh, that's to be expected," replied the great fish. "After you've practiced as long as I have to take down a grub artistically, you'll be good too."

"Yes, but I can't see how you get that curving downward sweep as you take the morsel."

"It takes lots of practice, but the main point is to get a little above and to one side of the worm. Then when it passes, you start down and back at the same time, performing the curve and getting the food in a mannerly way. Of course you don't have time to work it all out that way, but you start from the bottom with full speed ahead, turn, gulp, and you're headed back the same way you started."

"Sounds easy," commented the younger.

"It is easy, too, if you practice," replied the king. "Do you see that grub coming down with the current there? Now, watch me, and see how

I do it."

Wise One dived upward with a flash of his mighty tail and was back again before Little One could flap a fin.

"Now, that's the proper way to take food," remarked the larger fish. "You don't want to go up and suck on it as a catfish does; you want to take it with lots of fire and pep."

"All right," replied Little One. "You watch me this time and see if I do it right."

The young fish started for a fat grub across the pool, and just as he swooped to take the bait, a huge form flashed in front of him and slapped him with its tail as it went by.

Surprised and frightened, he looked around to see Wise One beside him, who remarked, "You poor fool, don't you see that that's a fake worm? If I hadn't noticed it in time, you'd be flapping on the bank about now."

Little One was silent as they swam slowly back to the king's rock, while the larger fish called him all the ignorant names he could muster from his meager vocabulary.

Finally the small rainbow remarked in a forlorn tone, "Gee I'm grateful to you, old chap, for saving my life."

"Don't mention it; only, next time you want to look at what you're choosing to put in your mouth."

"I didn't see anything wrong with it," commented the little fish.

"That's just the trouble with this younger generation; they don't stop to figure anything out, but just rush in blindly. I suppose you didn't notice that that worm was going across that eddy instead of with it."

"See, there it is again, coming down the water. Now if you'll look closely, you will notice that it is pulling over that way," indicating the direction by a shake of his head, "and also you will see some little round things on the line. Those are shot or sinkers. I often like to tease the anglers by pulling the shot, and they jerk up like everything, thinking they have a strike."

Wise One slowly swam over to the bait, and, seeing that his body was in the right position so he would not be snagged when the fisherman jerked, grabbed the sinker in his mouth and gave a hard tug. Immediately the worm disappeared, and Wise One returned to his friend with a chuckled remark.

"That bird will be fishing here all day, now, to see if he can't catch me, but I'll be good enough to give a jerk on the line once in a while to encourage him."

A long silence ensued while the two fish lay resting on the bottom, watching the angler's unrewarded efforts to lure the big fish to his hook.

Finally Little One remarked in surprise, "Why, Wise One, how did you get that corner cut off your tail? I never noticed it before."

"You young people are very unobserving; that's been there since I was half your size."

"How did it happen? It's too bad to have an otherwise beautiful tail disfigured."

"Well it's a long story, but I'll tell you what I've never told anyone else."

"About seven years ago," continued Wise One, "when I was young and foolish, a young boy of remarkable fishing ability lured me from this hole, and caught me on his hook. For some unknown reason, perhaps it was because I was so small, he carefully removed the hook and laid me on the grass. He took out his knife, and removed the lower corner of my tail. After wetting his hand so as not to injure me, he gently tossed me back into the water. Having learned that the most tempting bait was not always the

best, I afterwards looked twice before I leaped, and consequently grew to be what I am today."

"Some experience," remarked the little fish. "But haven't you ever been hooked?"

"Yes, two seasons ago. This fellow who is now an excellent fisherman, while paying me his annual visit, succeeded in hooking me by a very clever ruse which I am ashamed to tell. After being held in check for nearly five minutes, I pulled a clever trick out of my own bag and got away. I always will respect him for his good sportsmanship, for I have seen him give a fish every chance to escape before landing him."

"Has he been here yet this year?" asked Little One.

"That's just what's worrying me. I hope nothing has happened to him."

"Maybe he was here, but didn't visit this hole because he knew he couldn't catch you."

"Don't worry. He'd never do that, and besides, I'll bet he's thinking up some way right now to out-fox me when he comes."

"Well, I hope not," replied the young rainbow. "I should be terribly lonesome without you."

"I'll do my best not to let him, but you never can tell."

"Well, it's getting late; so I'd better be going home—so long," said Little One.

"Good-bye," called the king, "he's sure to come around tomorrow, and I'll give you some more pointers."

Several days passed with nothing happening except the visits of the young trout, in which he was instructed by his elder in the ways to avoid foxy anglers.

On one particular sunny day Wise One and Little One were lying in the bottom of the pool conversing in their usual way. It was early in the morning, and the large fish was feeling very "peppy." The friends would alternate on taking the fat worms and grubs while a steady stream of conversation was going on.

Wise One had just returned from the surface after taking down a fat grasshopper, when the glimmer of a spinner went whirling through the water.

After following it for a few yards, the great rainbow returned to his friend and said, "Some fool sure does believe in advertising his presence."

"Yes, but look at the dexterity with which the fellow handles that line," replied the little trout as the spinner appeared time and again.

"If it wasn't for the dumbness of advertising his presence, I'd say it was my friend."

Finally, the spinner disappeared from sight, and a pause followed in which Wise One stated that the fellow was changing his hook.

A few moments later a fat worm came dangling down, and Wise One laughed at the way it was being presented.

"I see the fellow is going to try his luck with a cork," commented the king, for there indeed the worm hung stationary, a foot from the bottom with a string of about ten sinkers above it.

"Do you know, my boy, I often wonder if people think we fish have any brains at all," remarked Wise One in disgust.

"It sure doesn't look like it here," answered the youngster.

"This fisher gets my goat," said Wise One. "First he advertises his presence with a spinner, and then he sinks a worm down here with a sign on it to keep off."

"We should worry," commented Little One. "I hope he's getting a kick out of it any way."

As the two friends lay beside the king's rock discussing the latest gossip of the lake, a tiny minnow swimming close to the base of the rock, for protection, came upon them. On seeing the huge fish, the midget started for the protection of the shallow water. Wise One realizing that his favorite dish was his for the taking, dashed forward and took the small minnow at a gulp.

Little One uttered a cry of dismay as he saw his friend's head suddenly jerked up by an invisible force.

A fine, Japanese high test leader was seen to cut the water as Wise One started fighting, fighting, fighting, for his life.

He swerved, turned, dived and jerked, but still that leader held. He started for a snag, but the angler pulled, and the line held. The strain was terrible, and Wise One slowly gave ground, fighting and tugging with all the strength he possessed.

Seeing that he was unable to gain the snag, he made a sudden swerve across the pool to the rocks, where he might get the line tangled. Wise One moved fast, but the man on the bank moved faster. He took in the slack line that the fish had given as he dashed across the hole and again had the mighty fellow checked. His move had cost Wise One dear, for he was now cut off from the snag, his den, and the rocks. He thought of dashing into the shallow water and lashing the line with his tail, but this would be impossible against a man who took up slack as fast as this fisherman did.

The line was straining at Wise One's mouth, holding it open and nearly drowning him. There was only one thing left to do, and Wise One waited for the right moment.

The mighty fish gave slowly and stubbornly, as the man slowly reeled in the line, amazed that any tackle could stand the strain.

"Now's my time," he thought and jumped.

The great rainbow broke water in a mad aerial rush, gaining four feet above the surface, with a twist at the apex, and a cutting lash of his tail, designed to break the cast.

But his adversary was no ordinary fisherman, and at the first hint of the plan, lowered the tip of his pole to the water, and relieved the tension.

Wise One tried again and again to break the line, but each time he found himself with less line to play with and with less energy.

The final phase of the battle came at last, and the Great Old Trout rolled lazily over on his side, while the smiling angler carefully scooped him up with his landing net.

The man grasped the fish through the gills and laid him on the grass to look him over.

"Well, Old Timer," the man said. "You've eluded me for years, but you'll have to admit, I out foxed you in the end."

He gazed up and down the fish with great pride until his eyes rested, in a stare, on the tail.

"Great Scott! Is it really you, the fish I caught and marked a few years ago?"

With a sudden change of heart the fisherman uttered, "Old Chap, if you're not too far gone, take a new chance on life and return to your kingdom."

On saying this, the man and the sportsman gently removed the hook and slipped the mighty fish into the water, and hurried off to tell the story to his friends.

On Going to Sleep

Bonnie Bare



LEEP, to some people, is a waste of time, prosaic and uninteresting. It may be a waste of time, but to me it far from prosaic—a something never twice the same.

Going to sleep is sometimes quite the easiest thing in the world. Especially on those nights when, tired from a long day, you lie down and sleep seems to come and carry you away into a land of dreams without the slightest effort on your part, save a dreamy relaxation. Ah! those are the nights when sleep is a beautiful goddess, every ready to do your bidding.

But quite different from the beautiful drifting into sleep are those nights when one lies down quite wide awake and very interested in the world and its activities—almost too interested, it seems, to be able to quit it for even a little while by the helpful agency of sleep. Your mind, apparently not at all fatigued by a full day, will continue to work energetically, even though outwardly composed for slumber, you do your best to stop it. Each thought that enters your unusually active mind drives the fair Goddess of Sleep farther away. Finally you give up in despair and allow your mind full sway. You think of everything that has ever been even remotely connected with you—and a great many things that have not—while you lie there waiting for Sleep to claim you for her own. At last drowsiness comes, and, by infinitesimal degrees, you fall asleep, retaining as a last impression of the night your opinion of that which was occupying your mind at the moment of falling asleep. On nights such as these, when you retire before you are sleepy, Sleep is not a beautiful goddess, but a strange and unknown being, hovering on the outskirts, as it were, of your mind, ready to take possession of your senses as soon as you will allow it.

And worst of all are the nights when you retire perhaps even earlier than usual with the wish to give yourself up to the beautiful goddess at the earliest possible moment, only to find her gone, and an elusive little demon in her place, who evades you at every turn. In vain you pursue her down the alleyways of your mind; in vain you follow her up hill and down dale; she is always ahead of you, stopping now and again to jeer at you, and mock your futile attempts to capture her. You bethink yourself of all the methods used to ensnare Sleep, when she comes in this form. In desperation you count, not only one hundred, but hundreds, nay, thousands; at six thousand fifty you stop in despair. You repeat the alphabet in English, in Greek, or in Chinese, if you happen to know it. You count white sheep jumping over a fence into a green pasture. At the two thousandth sheep you stop your efforts. If the little demon wishes not to come to you, you cannot force her. You try to lie quietly—you lie—and lie. Suddenly you open your eyes and it is morning. When or how sleep came to you, you cannot tell. It is enough that she came. You had feared that you might have to spend your entire night in searching for her. The elusive, mocking demon of these nights is hard to reconcile with the beautiful goddess, Sleep, the unknown being. Nevertheless they are all Sleep, in her more or less attractive forms. Sleep may perhaps be a waste of time, but prosaic, uninteresting, dull—NEVER!

The Gypsy Boy

Honorable Mention

I owe nothing to anyone,
And nobody owes to me—
Like the air I come
Like the air I go
Wandering ever free.
Am I happy?
Yes, I'm happy
As happy as can be.
I have no money,
But now it's sunny—
The weather was made for me;
The birds and the bees,
The flowers, and breeze
My comrades are you see;
Fruits and nuts there are to eat,
Cushions of moss to rest my feet,
Blossoms and myrtle to crown me with,
Royal am I like the prince in the myth.
The waterfall shows me her dance
As she tosses her gauzy spray,
And she laughs till she weeps
As she watches my leaps,
When I try to dance the same way.
The butterfly offers to teach me
To flit and to dip so fast.
I whirl and I bend
Till at last in the end
I fall out of breath on the grass;
I lie panting and laughing
Face down on the turf,
And I breathe the perfume
Of my sweet mother Earth;
Then over I turn to gaze up in the blue—
In trilling I try the birds to outdo,
There is joy, there is gladness,
There is laughter, and glee
I am a king, for I'm a Gypsy,
I am master of all yet master of none
I and my realm are the subjects of ONE.

—Barbara Phillips.

Gold

Jack Brewster

Honorable Mention

Bang! Bang! Ouch! Someone was hammering on my head with a hatchet. No, they were knocking my head against something. I opened my eyes. There was no one there. I did not care. After thinking rather hazily for a moment, I lifted my hand to my head. I felt a large bump, which, had I been fully awakened, I should have attributed to the stroke of a black-jack in competent hands. Now there was a sudden jar and grating. I slid down on the floor and landed with a bump that cleared up most of my mental fog. I was in my stateroom. That was certain. Yes, I was still on the *Toya Maru*.

I realized now that I was bound toward China, representing the Chase National Bank with a shipment of a million dollars in gold, loaned to the Canton government. We had, with much detail as to guards and guns, transferred the gold at San Francisco to the *Toya Maru* of the N. Y. K. Line. Here I had first met Mr. Tso, the official representative of the Chinese government. He had antagonized me instantly, but after I saw how courteous he was, I decided that I had let myself rely too much on the character drawings of the movies. The Chinese representative seemed excited, that is, as excited as a Chinese gentleman can become.

We had a pleasant and uneventful voyage until we got within twenty miles of the Chinese coast. We had not sent a wireless announcing our arrival because of the great number of pirates that infest those waters. Then on the last night, or rather morning, as I lay in that half conscious state between sleeping and waking, about three o'clock I was aware of a dull thud somewhere, and all of the lights went out. I too, it seems, went out at this juncture.

Slowly I got up from the floor on which I had been lying. I tried the door. It was locked. I sat down for a minute on the edge of my berth. Then I rose and lurched against the door. Aside from jarring myself, I found my efforts brought no results.

Then a key grated in the lock. The door opened. A steward appeared. "Are you all right, sir?"

"I guess so, where did you come from?"

"I was locked in the stateroom next to yours," he stammered, looking down apologetically at his soiled and torn uniform. I noticed that there was a ring of discoloration around his left eye.

"What does it mean?" I asked quickly. We were aware that there were beginning to be signs of life in the stateroom next, as the occupants were waking up to find themselves locked in.

"The Captain," I gasped, and started toward the bridge on a run.

Captain Svenson, a large burly Swede, was lying full length on the floor of the chart room. I released his hands from a stout cord with which they were bound and poured some water on him until he began to come to.

We telephoned down to the engine room. There was no response. The steward and I made our way down to find a line of men lying bound on the floor. We quickly unloosed them. Their comments on the situation are unprintable.

When we arrived again on the main deck, we found that the passengers

had been locked in their rooms while asleep.

When you figure the number of passengers carried on a mail steamer, you will see what a tremendous undertaking this affair must have been, and what a number of men must have been employed.

On comparing notes with the Captain and officers, in a short time I found that their experience had been the same as mine. The lights, the officers on duty, the engineers and I apparently went out simultaneously.

By this time the engineers had got the engines started and we were limping into port. Until now I had no time to think of anything but what was happening at the moment. The gold! Was it gone? I fought back the hollow feeling in my stomach and made a dash for the well in which the gold had been stored.

"Yes," Captain Svenson came forward with an ashy face, "the gold is gone!" The world around me stood scintillatingly clear. Never before had I been aware of such calm. At this point, the first officer came up.

"Mr. Allen," he said, "I have here a list of the missing."

"Already?" I asked, surprised.

"Well, it is probably incomplete," he replied, "but it is as near as is possible." He handed it to me.

—But thirteen stewards, the chief engineer with five assistants, twelve passengers, as far as we know, and Mr. Tso.

The last name shocked me, even in the state of shock that I was now in.

"No," I gasped, "he wouldn't do it. He is probably somewhere on the ship."

"Perhaps," dubiously, "but we have had the remaining stewards look all over the ship."

I went back to my stateroom to ponder. We were just crawling up the river. The damp heat made the perspiration pour down my spine. For the first time I thought of the real import of the happenings. Immediately my thoughts went back to home, my wife, living happily with our little daughter, happy because I was having my big chance. Well, unless I could recover the money, it would be all off. I had worked hard for seven years in the service of the Chase Bank and had gained their assurance of my trustworthiness, and I had gloried in their faith in me; yet here, in one day my future had collapsed around me in ruins. Of course, I was only twenty-nine. I was still young,—perhaps—.

Then I set my teeth. I'd recover the gold. I'd show them. Yes, that was the only way. I sat for a long time, thinking.

I was aroused by a knock on my door. It was Captain Svenson. As I have said, he was a large man. That is, he was very tall. His height made him look thin, but in reality, he was very broad shouldered.

"Well, Allen," he spoke as he entered, "it looks bad, doesn't it,"

"It does, Captain," I replied.

"This is my last voyage as captain; so it doesn't matter much to me." Again I sensed the strange revulsion of feeling that I had noticed before. "You, however," he continued, "are young and have your future before you."

He said, "What is your theory of the robbery, Mr. Allen?"

"I have not thought of one yet," I replied. "Have you one, Captain? I have been thinking more of results than of causes."

Well, I have figured out a plausible, and yet simple theory. Perhaps—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Most men can be bribed, so the agents of this Tso worked among the engineers and stewards. Mr. Tso probably had passengers sail for just that purpose."

"By the way," I interrupted, "have they found any one else missing?"
"Not that I know of."

"I don't see why they would go with the gold anyway," I said. "Why didn't they stay? But then I guess someone would weaken and tell." I saw his smile fade just for a moment.

"Well, I must go see the authorities," he excused himself.

I sat thinking for a long time, and then, as the boat had been docked, I went ashore and sent a cable to a certain McGuire.

* * *

After a second uneventful voyage on the *Toya Maru*, we passed again through the Golden Gate. This time we were carrying no passengers, but we had taken some freight. Although I had been impatient to get back to the United States, as the hour approached, I was reluctant to set foot again on my native land.

As we were docking, I scanned the crowd on the pier for a certain derby hat. Story book detectives wear derby hats, but this was no story book detective.

"Hello, Jim," the derby called.

"Hello yourself," I shouted back. "How are you, McGuire?"

"Tip-top, Jim. How's yourself?"

When I reached him, we shook hands as men do who understand each other. He hailed a cab, and, after arranging for my baggage, got in with me. He said something to the driver.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Take you to a good hotel where you won't be bothered."

During the ride, he talked of various things: San Francisco, the coming presidential election, floods. Finally we drew up before a dignified facade facing Union Square.

"Here we are," McGuire leaped out.

"Look," he called, pointing toward the column in Union Square, "Nothing's changed except the color scheme in the flower beds."

We went into the lobby of the hotel; I registered and arranged for a room. Up in it, McGuire turned to me. I told him the whole story. We discussed the matter while I was getting settled. Then he asked if I would give him a note to the captain, permitting him to go aboard the ship at all times.

"You see, I could get aboard on my official position," he said, "but that might cause hard feelings." I gave him the required note.

Later I asked him, "What shall I do while you are hunting and nosing around?"

"Just wait around, see the shows—the *Columbia* really is good this week, and there's football scheduled in the stadium across the bay—have a good time. Don't worry. Everything will turn out all right."

I went about all that McGuire suggested, but, strange to say, the thing that most took my mind from my worries was a telescope out at the cliff house. I would rent it and look through it by the hour.

For five days I neither saw nor heard anything of McGuire. By this time I had seen what I thought was the most of San Francisco.

On the fifth night of my sojourn, McGuire came up to my room about ten o'clock. He was imperturbable, but I saw that he meant no time should be wasted.

"Put on a black suit, a black hat or cap, and take with you a black scarf," he ordered.

"I have nothing black but a suit," I replied. I was addicted to colors. "Then hurry and put that on."

I moved swiftly. When I got fully dressed, he handed me a flashlight. "Put this in your pocket and follow me."

We went down the hallway to a glass door headed by a red bulb. We stepped out on the fire escape. It was six stories to the ground, but it didn't take us long to make the descent. When we reached the bottom, we found ourselves in a blind alley. Here we both got into a dilapidated Ford coupe.

McGuire started it, and I immediately lost my bearings; but he didn't. Finally he pulled up by the curb in a section of the city where there were many warehouses. It was very foggy.

"Well," almost cheerfully, "here's where we get out and walk."

"I'm game," was my reply.

We walked three interminable blocks. Then I saw that we were on the pier at which lay the Toya Maru. My companion lifted out a section of one of the wharf planks, disclosing a heap of rope which consisted of one long piece of one-inch stuff attached to a rope ladder lying coiled beside a fire hydrant. He walked over to the edge of the wharf, whistled softly, and then threw the rope over the bow of the ship. It was pulled up until the rope ladder hung along the side of the ship. Then came an answering whistle.

"Climb it," he commanded. With much difficulty, I did. He followed me closely and pulled the ladder up after him. No one was in sight.

"Whe—" I started to say.

"Sh!"

He certainly knew the lay of the deck, for he led me straight to well in which the gold had been. Here I followed him down a ladder to the bottom.

"Stand over here and don't turn on the light until I tell you to."

For what seemed to me at least half an hour, I could hear him fumbling over on his side of the well. Then there was the noise of scraping footsteps on the deck above. It hesitated and passed. He resumed his fumbling. Then there was a slight creak. The blackness at my feet seemed to give way to a greater blackness.

"The light," he whispered hoarsely.

I turned on the light and gave a gasp of astonishment. There in a compartment under two trap doors, now open, lay—gold.

* * *

As I look back, everything was indistinct for the next week. I do not remember anything clearly except a telegram from the bank, ordering me to come home at once.

In all of the excitement, I had hardly missed McGuire. Finally, on the day on which I was to leave for home, McGuire came into my room.

"Well," was his greeting, "How'sa boy?"

"Fine, how'sa bigger boy," I replied.

"Same. Thought I'd drop in to tell you good-bye."

"By the way, McGuire, I've still got two hours before train time. Tell me how you discovered where that money was."

"Well," he said, "it was just a series of hunches with a fact to base them on."

"I happened to know that your captain friend awarded the contract for the gold—well to a crook who had been under-bidden by a far more reliable company. That made me think before the gold was shipped. Then the carpenters worked for two weeks constructing the well, when it could have been done in less than one. Besides, though this precaution is not unusual,

they allowed no one near the well before it was completed.

"I also went to see Mr. Graham, the British consul, who, as you know, witnessed the loading of the gold. His evidence was the deciding factor of the case. He would have told before, but he had been very sick, so he didn't know of the robbery.

"Yes," he mused, "it was a clever scheme, and only an accident kept it from being successful. Svenson asked Tso in Chinese if the trap doors were shut tightly. Later he told Tso to return in six months via Canada. These parts Mr. Graham understood.

"Yes, it was a clever scheme, but there was one flaw." McGuire was rising to go.

"What was it?" I asked quickly.

"Captain Svenson neglected to remember that Graham, too, could speak Chinese."



Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity

Why do people never rest?
Getting in and out a mess,
Craving that which is denied,
Never, never satisfied;
From one thing to the next thing tearing
Idiots don't know they're wearing
Just themselves by feverish flaring;
But they will die,
And when they die
They will have passed completely by;
Life will continue sans a sigh
Life won't have time to pause and cry,
For the tide of rush will run as high
The more fools they—I wonder
Why?

—Barbara Phillips.



The Builders

I stood disconsolately watching the builders,
Watching them scurry about like ants,
As to and fro they hurry, to build, to make.

There came to me the thought of it,
The tiny creatures there, raising great edifices of stone,
To the sky, and the high sun.

On one side some tear down the work;
But on the other, there are the builders,
They who make the world as it is.

There are numerous things to be built.
Oh, the awe-inspiring sight of a huge rising building!
The builders are there; they make it.

They are never honored, never famed;
But stop, think how we came by these edifices,
And you will think of the builders.

—Hilmuth Ulmer.



To Youth

Youth, Ah youth, time of love and life,
Be true, be mad, be free!
Forget such lowly things as strife,
Just live, and love, and be!

Forget responsibilities and cares,
And drink joy's goblet to the deeps!
Learn to love life's dangers and life's dares
For old age only sorrow reaps!

—Elizabeth Bonine.

Scourge of the Wheatlands

Martha Jetzer

Honorable Mention



JIM BARTON was exuberantly happy. He whistled a medley of old familiar tunes to the accompaniment of the heavy plodding of his fine team of horses and the shrill singing of the drill discs beneath him. Never had there been a more beautiful spring. The ploughed fields lay like vast black carpets beneath the deep blue sky. Jim had reason to be happy. With nearly three hundred acres of the rich, fruitful Dakota wheatland already ploughed and sown, he was finishing the last ten-acre stretch. It was only the day before, with the end so near, that he had dismissed his help. The outlook for a bumper crop had never been better.

The sun was sinking low in the west, and the horses were quite exhausted after a long day's work.

"Come on, boys, another round, and then we're off for home," Jim spoke coaxingly to his perspiring team.

As though sensing the meaning of Jim's words, the horses strained eagerly at the drill, and the discs sang more shrilly than ever. Well enough they knew that "home" meant a clean, comfortable stable and a generous feeding of fragrant lake hay and ground fodder.

At last they were wending their way homeward. Little flocks of birds twittered and scurried hither and thither preparing for the night. Frogs croaked loudly their evening song from the little puddles of water along the road. From somewhere a kildee's plaintive note floated out upon the soft evening breeze. Jim stopped his team for a moment and cast a sweeping glance over the vast panorama of wheatland and pasture. His eyes lingered on his little farm spread snugly nestling in the midst of a slightly undulating stretch of green prairies a mile away. There was the spacious barn with its side-sheds and its bulging hayloft, and the long cattle barn which sheltered his fifty head of cattle from winter storms. Nearby were his white-washed chicken coops and his machine shed. Jim's heart beat happily as his eyes rested upon the little house to the west of his barns. He could dimly discern a thin column of smoke curling lazily up from its chimney and knew that within was Anne, busily preparing a steaming supper.

The sun had disappeared beyond the edge of the western prairie flushing the sky with its last reddish rays, when Jim at length reached home. He watered his horses at the large trough near the barn, and then, having unharnessed and fed them, he turned his steps toward the house.

"Hello, Daddy!" cried a gleeful little voice, and in a moment little Margaret was triumphantly entering the door on her father's broad shoulders.

"Lo, dear," Jim greeted Anne who was setting the table. "What're we havin' tonight? Smells mighty good. By the way, has Jack done all the chores?"

"Yep," answered Jack, his sturdy, fourteen year old son, who had just entered. "Say, Dad, I sure had a tough time milkin' that Jersey. She's gone and fenced herself again."

"Anne," said Jim that evening when the children had gone to bed, and Anne and he were sitting in the doorway looking out upon a calm, moonlit night, "I think we'll have a dandy crop this year if that blamed rust—or maybe hail—won't get it again."

Jim gazed thoughtfully into the starlit depths of the sky. Anne sighed as she raised her wistful eyes to her husband's tanned, drawn face.

"Don't get discouraged, Jim dear. Perhaps we'll have luck this one year."

"I hate to think of what will happen if we don't." Jim's face actually looked haggard. "The mortgage is due this fall, you know, and old Delaney is grasping eager to get this place. If it hadn't been for the last three years of rust, we'd be all right even if the crop would fail this year."

The next morning found Jim quite recovered from his dejection. Again he was whistling a medley of old tunes to the music of his drill as he started on his last few acres. All nature smiled and laughingly kissed away each worried line from his care-worn face.

Came the month of August—the month of harvest. Jim's golden, waving wheatfields stretched away beneath the summer sky. One more week and the full, drooping heads of grain would be stacked and ready to be fed to the threshing machine. Jim had already ordered his extra help, and now he was greasing and repairing his binder and his header.

The week sped by, and the day of doom for his grainfields was almost at hand, for it was already Sunday. Jim was happier than ever.

"Well, he remarked gayly to Anne across the breakfast table, "the crop is out of danger—as far as rust is concerned—and I'm sure there ain't any prospect of hail today."

Anne sighed contentedly. To have that dreaded mortgage lifted from the farm would be heaven to her. No longer would she have to sacrifice every womanly want, once it was paid. She was already planning how she would buy this and that little luxury for her bare little house.

The morning passed, and as Anne was preparing lunch, Jim suddenly called from outside. She rushed to the door and stopped amazed. A heavy, black cloud was rising out in the west, hiding the blue sky that had looked so promising an hour before.

"A thunderstorm, sure enough. Hope it won't turn out a hailstorm." He could not bear the thought of hail.

It seemed but a moment before the sun was hidden behind a bank of inky clouds. There was a sudden deathly hush. A flock of birds flew hither and thither in search of shelter. The chickens scurried for their coops. There was a hideous flash of lightning followed by a crackling peal of thunder.

"Mother!" called frightened little Margaret from the house.

"Jim, please come inside," begged Anne. "It'll be pouring in a minute."

With a last anxious glance at his wheat fields, Jim turned toward the house. Scarcely had they closed the door behind them when a sudden awful pounding sounded on the roof, accompanied by a terrific gust of wind.

"God! Anne! It's hail!"

With a crash a window pane broke and a piece of ice, large as a hen's egg, rolled in upon the floor. In stark terror Anne ran to the broken window and for a brief moment looked out upon that destructive downpour of hail. She turned to Jim and found him sitting by the table with his head between his outstretched arms.

"Jim, Jim," sobbed Anne, dropping to her knees beside him. "Don't do that. Oh, Jim!"

Little Margaret clung to her mother, too terrified to cry. Jack was tearfully trying to comfort his father, while upon his roof that fiendish pounding grew louder.

At last Jim lifted his head. His face was ashen.

"Ruined," he mumbled. "God, ruined after all these years of work—"

work—work.”

“Jim! Dear Jim,” pleaded Anne choking with tears. “Don’t, please—in God’s name don’t—listen, it’s stopping!”

There was a lull in the storm and then it broke out anew. Would that hellish pounding never stop?

“It’s driving me crazy! Oh—” moaned poor Jim.

All night long Jim paced the floor haunted by what he knew the first light of day would reveal to him. All night long Anne begged, pleaded and tried in vain to console him—poor, brave Anne, whose own heart was torn whose own dreams shattered.

Cold, gray dawn found Jim wildly roaming his grain fields, drawn on by that strangely reluctant, yet persistent desire which draws one to the side of the lifeless form of a beloved one. Over the great stretches of desolate, devastated fields brooded a ghastly, funereal silence—the silence that follows in the wake of a deadly plague. Beaten, broken, crushed by the scourge of the wheatlands lay the golden grain which but the day before had so proudly swayed and rustled in the summer breeze.

Jim’s bent form shook with deep convulsive sobs as he dropped to his knees and hungrily, almost savagely, gathered an armful of the mangled grain to his bosom as though clasping a dying friend. In his heart the sun of hope had set, and utter chaos reigned supreme.





My Ship of Dreams

The sea was shining silver,
The sky was cloudy blue,
A sail on the dim horizon
Seemed my Ship of Dreams come true.

It hung there in silence a moment
As if it were coming to port,
A ship with a wondrous cargo—
Day dreams of every sort.

Then slowly it quivered and sank,
And gently slipped over the rim,
While through my tears I saw
My dreams grow misty and dim.

The sea was bare and empty,
A thing apart from men,
And oh! I knew my Ship of Dreams
Would never come back again.

—Bonnie Bare.

The Sun

You're a small ship of gold
On a sea of blue
That's perfectly calm,
Save for a few
Small, whitecapped waves.

—Viola Klemin.

Love that Passeth Understanding

Bonnie Bare

Honorable Mention

NTHONY FENTON laughed softly to himself for happiness and pure enjoyment of life. He sat before a huge log fire, gazing into the flames and building dream pictures—pictures of how much happier his already extremely happy life would be when Alison MacDonald had come to share it with him, making lively once more the big house which had been the home of numerous generations of Fentons. For some time Anthony had been working hard and until late at night on an important law case, so he had not seen Alison for several days, and now he conjured up her picture in the flames before him. Tired from his work and happy in the thought of the girl he loved, he fell asleep, only to waken with a start a few moments later. For a moment he sat quite still, attempting to recall what had happened to destroy so utterly his pleasant mood. Slowly the memory of a dream materialized, vague and indistinct, but with the figure of a tall, slender, exotic looking woman with great black eyes and pure white hair moving compellingly through it. The heavy, fragrant scent of hyacinths had seemed to cling to her, and Anthony recalled that she had spoken some words to him in a low voice—words that had seemed of huge import in the dream, but that now, try as he might, he could not recollect. The very memory of the weird dream filled him with an indefinable terror entirely foreign to his nature, and he felt an intense desire to go to Alison and make certain that she was in no danger. “How ridiculous of me,” he muttered as he rose, and with a resolute shrug of his shoulders he threw off the recollection of the disturbing incident, and retired to dress for dinner.

Nevertheless Anthony felt restless and uneasy until he arrived at Alison’s somewhat later. She came to meet him, and as he looked down at her, he thought he had never fully realized the extent of her loveliness before. She wore a simple frock of blue, which intensified the deep violet of her large, dark-fringed eyes and brought out the faint flush of pink on the delicate cheeks surrounded by softly curling dark hair. As they started for the theatre in his limousine, Anthony completely forgot everything other than the girl by his side. He was happy, almost ridiculously happy, he thought, and it seemed that Alison had something of the same feeling, for she said:

“I’m so happy, Anthony, that I’m almost afraid—afraid that something will happen to destroy it all. The gods will be jealous if things go on as nearly perfect as they are now.”

Anthony, all his vague uneasiness gone, laughed and kissed her, saying, “With you and me together, sweetheart, things will always be perfect.”

“And I feel that nothing, Alison dear,” he continued more seriously, “**nothing** could ever keep us apart for very long. I love you too much for that.”

She smiled, and the conversation turned to the one hundred and one other little things, meaningless to outsiders, that lovers always find so interesting.

The play was very good, and every instant of the evening was filled with happiness for Anthony and Alison, the greater because the past few days had been spent apart. As he left her at her home after the theatre and a light supper, he turned for one last look at her. She was standing in the firelight, which caught a golden gleam in the dark hair, and lighted the dreamy depths of her violet eyes.

"Goodnight, Loveliness," murmured Anthony. "If you should want me for anything before tomorrow night, call me."

"I will. Goodnight, Anthony dear."

At home once more, Anthony threw himself down in a big chair in front of the fire and frowned. A few blocks from Alison's home he had passed a large chocolate-colored sedan, and some unknown force had prompted him to turn and gaze after it. There in the sedan, illumined by a passing lamp post, he had caught a glimpse of a tall, slender, exotic-looking woman, with great dark eyes, and pure white hair which plainly was not the result of her years. The woman of his dream! As he looked, she had seemed to beckon to him, and he thought a faint odor of hyacinths floated back to him. Immediately there swept over him the sense of an atmosphere of danger, and, as before, he had the impulse to return to Alison, but he checked it fiercely and drove on. Once in front of the fire, he sat thinking over the queer experience, and decided that in the one unsteady glimpse his imagination had played him false. He had been impressed by the dream, and had perhaps unconsciously deluded himself into seeing a resemblance between a woman in a passing car, and the woman of his dream. He attempted to put further thoughts of the incident out of his head, and finally retired in rather a depressed mood in spite of his wonderful evening.

As he opened a window in his bed chamber and looked out, the night seemed intensely dark, and an involuntary shiver passed over him at the cold, deathlike stillness, which pervaded not only his own chamber, but the whole out-of-doors. He jumped quickly into bed, but he was very restless and ill at ease, and for a long time he lay there tossing, unable to sleep. At last he fell into a fitful slumber from which he was suddenly awakened by he knew not what; he lay as if turned to stone, his throat choking and his heart scarcely beating. The blood in his veins was as if turned to ice, and he was bathed in a cold perspiration. Not a sound was heard in the entire house, and the eerie stillness seemed almost uncanny. Suddenly there came, echoing through his chamber, his name, "Anthony, **Anthony**," in Alison's voice, usually so soft and rippling, but now filled with a terror and desperate appeal that turned him to ice. For a few seconds he lay there, unable to move. Once more it came, **her voice**, calling him in accents that seemed to tear his very soul. He sprang from his bed, and, though he was trembling so he could scarcely stand, he threw on his clothes. He knew not where he was going other than that Alison had called him and needed him, and he was going to her, to find her, help her—save her. That one thought kept racing through and through his brain, driving out all sense of reasoning. He did try to reason—he could not—he knew the girl he loved needed him, and he was going to her. He rushed down stairs and out into the mercilessly dark, still night, where, without any thought of direction, he merely ran on and on, urged by the sense of her spirit which seemed crying out to him to hurry. He ran for what seemed eons, and finally fell, exhausted. Again he heard her voice—"Anthony, **Anthony**;" the accents were terrible with a frantic appeal, an awful, soul-rending fear. Anthony struggled to his feet, half-crazed by the sound of her voice, and found himself in front of an isolated house, entirely dark. Rushing up the stairs, he entered a door easily opened under the touch of his nerveless hand. Something seemed to draw him to a stairway on the left, and, half falling, he ran up it in the pitch dark. Alison's voice and the frantic appeal of it rang over and over in his frenzied brain. Reaching the top of the stairs and feeling along the wall, he found a door, opened it, and stumbled through.

Although the room in which he found himself was but dimly lighted,

his eyes, accustomed to the darkness of the night, were blinded for a moment. The heavy fragrance of great quantities of hyacinths which seemed to hang in the air rather than blend with it, struck him almost like a blow. He perceived almost subconsciously that he was in a long, low room, furnished after the manner of the Orient entirely in black and gold. A black carpet so thick as to deaden the heaviest footfall entirely covered the floor, and hangings of black and richest gold concealed the walls. Great piles of gold pillows for reclining were placed here and there over the black carpet. In the middle of the apartment was an exquisite golden hued marble fountain in which amber tinted waters were playing, and before it was placed a huge and most luxurious divan of gold, on which were massed cushions of black. With a single glance his eyes swept the apartment, and focused on a tall, slender, exotic looking woman with great dark eyes and pure white hair, who slowly rose from the divan as he entered. She was clothed entirely in black, and he noted almost subconsciously that the single golden hyacinth she held in her hand was the only one in the apartment.

She inclined her head toward him and said in a low, singularly musical voice, "Twice have I warned you; why did you not take heed? It is too late now. But would you go to her anyway?"

"Alison!" gasped Anthony, "Alison!" for he was unable to think of anything else.

She raised her slender white arm and pointed to a door partly concealed by the hangings and opposite that through which he had entered.

Anthony made his way to the door somehow, opened it, and seemed to step into an infinity of space—a great, black void. And then he saw, facing him, and but a little distance beyond him, Alison. She was clothed in a nightrobe of purest white as though she had but stepped from her bed, and though everything else was dark, she was illumined with a pure white light. Suddenly he realized that she was but a few feet from the edge of the void and was slowly backing toward it. Her lovely face was livid with fear, and once again she cried his name in a piteous voice. Anthony wanted to scream, but his throat was paralyzed; he tried to run to her, seize her, carry her to safety, but his muscles refused to respond to his will. He fell to his knees, and, struggling terribly, he managed to creep a few inches. He could hardly drag his legs forward, his mind and body were strained to the breaking point. Slowly, slowly Alison backed to the edge. Anthony, expending every atom of his being, mental and physical, could crawl but a few inches, and his agony was terrible. Alison reached the edge, and with one last cry of—**"Anthony,"** her lovely form slipped over the edge and disappeared. Something seemed to snap in Anthony's brain; he fell back, and the darkness and an overpowering odor of hyacinths closed in over him.

The next morning the news of a double tragedy startled the city. Anthony Fenton, the promising young lawyer, was found lying as one dead in an old house on the outskirts of town, which had been deserted since its last tenant, a man of some Oriental race, had left over a year ago. After many efforts he was at last restored to consciousness, but his mind was entirely gone. He could only babble incoherently, repeating often the name of his fiancée, "Alison." There was no clue as to what had befallen young Anthony Fenton to cause him to be entirely bereft of his reason in a single night, except a faint but persistent odor of hyacinths, clinging to all his clothes and even his hair. That same night his fiancée, Alison MacDonald, apparently walking in her sleep, although she had never been known to do so before, fell from her window on the third floor to the ground below, killing herself instantly. Every attempt was made to connect the two circumstances, but



no one was able to do so, as Alison's death had been kept from Anthony until the following morning.

The mystery of the odor of hyacinths clinging to Anthony was never solved, and helped not at all in tracing the reason for the loss of his mind. He lived but a few months after that fatal night, and then quietly passed away to rejoin Alison.



The Dark Ages

There was a time in the course of things
When events were not recorded,
That cruel reality seized the world,
And happy life changed sordid;
Myths and fairies vanished,
Knights and ladies banished,
The world awoke in the cold grey dawn
To work and sorrow, Romance gone.

—Barbara Phillips.



The Seasons

Bonnie Bare

I always like to think of the seasons as they are represented in the old Greek mythology; that is, as four beautiful maidens, each different from the others, and each having a distinct liveliness all her own.

Spring is, perhaps, the most favored and admired of the dainty quartet, and, to be sure, she is very lovely. She is the youngest maiden. She is always dressed in soft, billowing garments, a wreath of flowers on her head and one about her throat, while she usually carries an armful of fragrant blossoms. Oh, she makes an exquisite picture, roaming over the green hills and waking the sleeping blossoms to life and loveliness. And Spring brings us skies of clearest blue and days of fresh sweetness, whilst she covers the earth once more with fragrant flowers. No, I do not wonder that Spring is oftentimes the most dearly beloved of the seasons.

Next comes Summer, tall and stately in her long, clinging gown. She too, carries flowers, but hers are full-blown, loosing all their sweetness on the warm, balmy air. Summer is not the smiling maiden Spring was; she has about her the beauty and grace of maturity. The days she brings are long and warm and filled with the sweetness and beauty of perfection. As she passes slowly not to return for another year everyone sighs a little sigh for her beauty and perfection.

As Summer slowly goes, Autumn dances in, a laughing nymph, clothed in the scantiest frock of leaves of red and gold. Leaves adorn her long auburn hair, and she flings them gaily from either hand as she dances madly about. I think the loveliest feature of Autumn is the leaves she brings, vivid yellow and red and gold, with here and there a splash of green. Her days are shorter than Summer's, and they have in them a cold nip that adds zest and takes away for good the warm sleepiness of Summer. Autumn is the gayest of the seasons in her vivid dress, and happy, dancing ways.

Last comes Winter, a slender maiden clothed in the purest white of shining icicles, which hang glistening from her hair, her arms, her gown. She is a beautiful and awe-compelling figure in shining white, from her proud head to her dainty feet. She brings short days—days icy-cold as her breath, but packed full of life, eagerness, and excitement. And through it all she moves, stately in her glistening robe, till she gives way to her gentler sister, Spring.

And so are the seasons to me—each different from the others, and each vitally alive. Which one I like the best, gentle smiling Spring, warm, beautiful Summer, laughing, dancing Autumn, or graceful, shining Winter, I do not know. Some favor one maiden and some another, but to me they are all lovely and loveable.



Blank Prose

Patricia Clements

I sit here in the library vainly trying to visualize with my mind's eye some topic to write about, but my mind's eye records a blankness only. Nothing exists in my mind. Nothing! "What is nothing?" I began to ask myself. Nothing can not be even a blank mind, so I cannot be thinking of nothing, since my mind is a blank. "I will never get that essay written," I mutter in agony. Never! But when is never? It must be somewhere beyond forever, but I do not know when forever is either. I'm in a sad plight! I have entangled myself in words of indefinite meaning, or rather without any meaning, and am in the depths of despair. I will always try to steer clear of words as complicated as these. Always! I have used one of those words again! It does no good to make resolutions. When is always? Is it forever? Never? I am getting into waters too deep for me. If I do not stop thinking of "nothing," "forever," "never," and "always," I shall be a raving maniac with the blood of innocents on my hands. Just to calm myself I began to quote a piece of verse I had seen some place. It goes like this:

Yesterday, today was tomorrow;
Tomorrow, today will be yesterday.



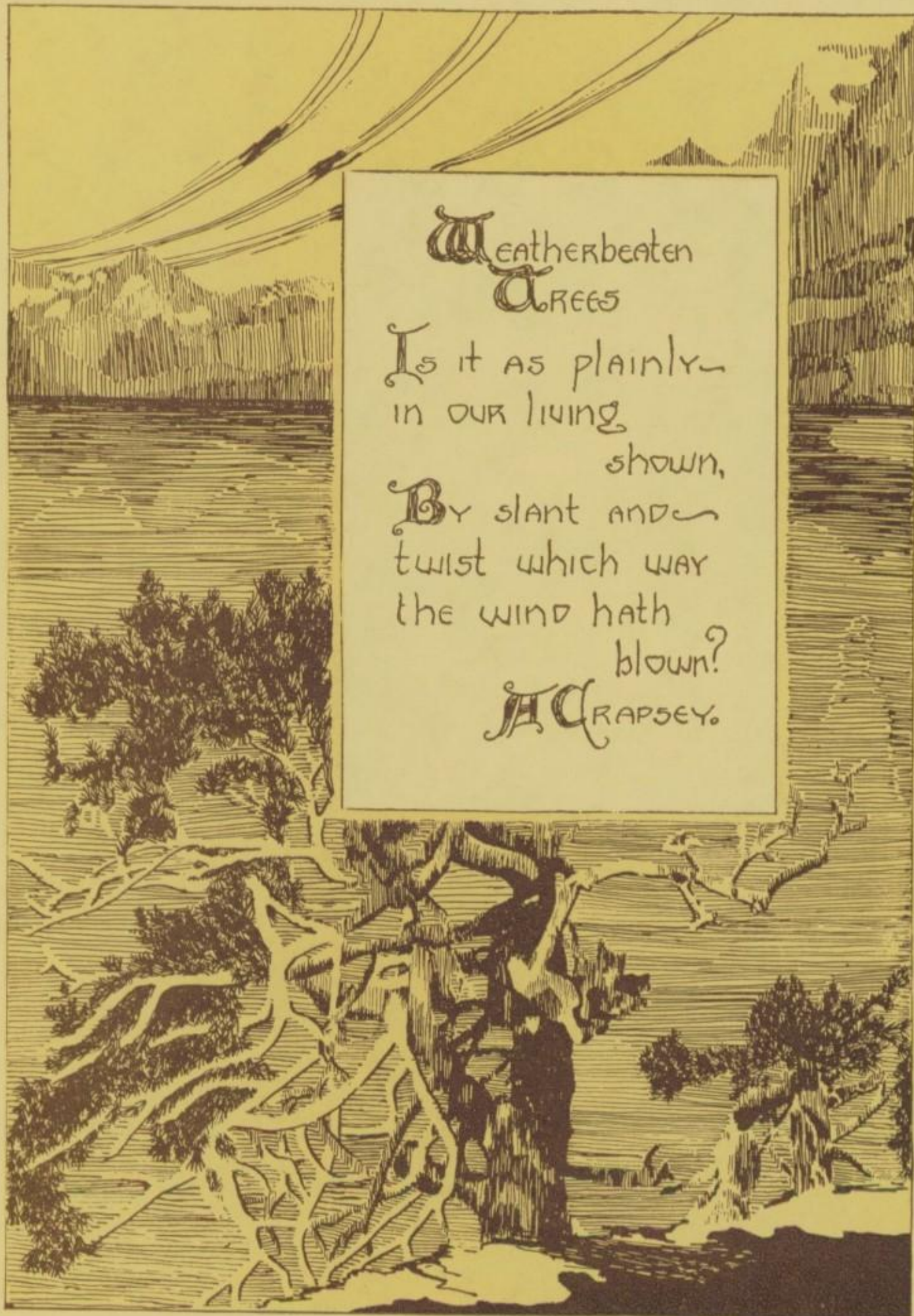
The Bee

High, high climbed he,
Labor it was for the bee,
Working harder for honey
Than most men work for money—
Does the bee.

—Jerome Salomon.



ACTIVITIES



Weatherbeaten
Trees

Is it as plainly
in our living
shown,
By slant and
twist which way
the wind hath
blown?
A CRAPSEY.

Ruth Morz

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 12—Smiling faces show that everyone is relieved to be back after slowly dragging days at summer resorts—like so much!
- 13—Indignant looks of a few Sophies show they had to take lockers on the Freshman floor.
- 14—Huge earrings weigh down some small girls.
- 15—New teachers are beginning to show the strain.
- 16—First meeting of Girls' League. New girls are welcomed.
- 18—Students are up in the air about Lindy's flight.
- 19—The better part of the student body appears in uniform.
- 20—Seniors have already developed that "superiority complex."
- 22—Tunney wins fight and Fritz loses his Ingersoll.
- 23—Flames win the season's first football game from Preston.



OCTOBER

- 2—Senior Girls present "The Girl Who Slipped" to the Girl's League.
- 4—A few aquatic enthusiasts prefer to indulge in ice water swims rather than dry Physical Ed.
- 10—Petitions are being passed for Student Body elections. Usual "male vs. female" fight.
- 11—Girl athletes are busy with volley ball.
- 13—World-famous banjo player delights and amazes us with a splendid program.
- 15—Tracy Bulldogs are vanquished in fine style.
- 24—Results of Student Body election are announced.
- 29—Woodland is burned up by the Flames.
- 31—Hallowe'en—Ernie Werner swears he saw a ghost—and how!

NOVEMBER

- 3—Princess Starlight of the Osage Indian tribe performs.
- 4—The library acquires some new books. Lets make use of them.
- 5—Sprouts appear for track practice.
- 7—Members of the weaker (?) sex with bruised limbs indicate that basketball practice has begun.
- 9—Doctor Thomas gives a very interesting talk on Mexico.
- 10—Student Body addressed by Paul Rieger, perfume manufacturer.
- 11—No school—We wish Armistice day would come 365 times a year.
- 14—Angels vs. Wallops play smashing-good hockey game. Stock Judging Team is off for Chicago.
- 16—Windy's looking for his binder.
- 17—Inter school spirit promoted by exchange of yell leaders with Stockton.
- 18—Vacation—but we would rather go to school than attend another such



football game as the one with Stockton. Need we remind you of the score?

- 19—Red eyes indicate end of book week.
- 21—We are thankful that Thanksgiving vacation is here!
- 28—We are back having forgotten what little we knew.
- 30—First report cards cause some nervous breakdowns.

DECEMBER

- 1—Hey, Fat! Miss Marchant is engaged.
- 3—Englishmen from Cambridge University prove interesting to students who attend their debate with College of Pacific.



- 5—Jewett, Bessac, Johns and Engel, the Stock Judging Team, bring back honors.
- 7—A successful game with Oakdale opens the basketball season.
- 9—Miss Marchant's classes present a fine musical Christmas program to the public.
- 14—Playette, "Christmas Joy" is enjoyed by Girls' League.
Veronica Perrin dances prettily, and Santa pays a visit.
- 16—"Adam and Eva" goes over big.
- 19—Two weeks' Christmas vacation! Hip, Hip!

JANUARY

- 6—Gausse Sisters entertain the students.
- 9—President Smith's appointment of Entertainment Committee is highly appreciated.
- 10—Aggies shown two-reel film on John Deere Tractor.
- 12—Chemistry club is organized by the seventh period class.
- 13—Talks on California authors by R. Harrison and T. Botts.
- 16—Sophomore girls are disgraced by basketball game lost to Freshies.
Miss Rinn's letter from Spain appears in the Flame.
- 18—U. S. Senates are organized in Miss Hall's Civics classes.
Imagine R. Heinitz as Senator Borah!
- 19—Lodi Faculty vs. Stockton Faculty in a fast basketball game. Use your heads, profs.
- 20—Lodi Cagers suffer first defeat at the hands of Sacramento.
- 24—Girls' League meeting. Laura Weaver is presented a star for sports.
- 27—Six graduates receive diplomas.
- 28—Stockton cleans up on our basketball team to the tune of 19-27.
- 29—Some of Mark Twain's stories are splendidly read by Waldemar Jacobsen.

FEBRUARY

- 3—Tennis players are progressing.
- 6—Miss Kuhlmann presents a Spanish play. The cast was well chosen.
- 10—Karl Jack tells us how "Abraham Lincoln walks at midnight."
- 13—Lucille Beckman certainly can "hammer 'em out" on the pianoforte.
- 17—The last class A basketball game of the season is lost to Stockton.
- 22—Allen Pool is the county's champion horseshoe slinger. We're proud of you, Allen.

- 28—Helen Neumann and Helen Bennet are taken to Rotary by Mr. Inch.
29—Neumann, Jack, Jacobson, and Montgomery make a splendid quartet.

MARCH

- 2—Queer odors and acid-eaten clothes indicate that chemistry projects are in progress.
Mr. Ballou leaves for San Francisco Polytechnic High.
5—Roger Harrison performs on the Harmonica.
7—Mr. Adriance's senior English classes present "Nevertheless".
9—The Jazz Orchestra seems to be popular with the students.
12—Some poetry readings by Miss Strate's classes.
15—We hear a recitation of Southern poetry.
16—A tree is planted before the Science Building, with much ceremony, by the Women's Relief Corps of Lodi.
17—Howard Bailey's green tie indicates St. Patrick's Day.
20—Spring begins! Sulphur and molasses bottles are dragged out.
23—Carmen Corbin makes a good negro mammy in the operetta "In Old Louisiana."
24—We win first place at Davis track meet.
26-27—Floods! Few students have rowboats to get to school in; so we have vacation.
28—Senior meeting. Lower classmen suffer severely from curiosity.
30—Hmm—Happy and Leota are missing.
31—The above mentioned couple are united for better or—well—er—.

APRIL

- 2—Easter vacation begins.
3—Easter rabbit does his stuff. "Newky" reports one egg cracked.
6—We know Pope will make good as track captain.
9—Miss Strate is sporting a dazzling diamond on the left hand.
11—Harvey Jackson repeats a splendid piano recital which he gave over the radio.
13—Lodi wins every one of the eight "Barnyard golf" contests from Woodland at a triangular track meet.
15—Some boys are going back to their second childhood—Harry Thornton and C. Smith appear in sack (?) cloth knickers.
16—Lodi Hi will certainly be well represented at the Davis picnic after the talks of Lindsey Jewett and another Davis man.
17—Painted shoe craze begins.
18—The tea given by the Girls' League goes over nicely. Only three seniors drank from their saucers.
21—C. I. F. track meet—first place copped by Lodi.
23—All aspiring to become second Tonys and Gillispies come out for first spring practice.
23—Roy Brown places first in accuracy at the Sacramento Valley Type-writing contest held in Sacramento, thus winning a cup for the school and a gold medal for himself.



- 24—Vest day for the boys.
27—Health program by life-savers.

MAY

- 4—Miss Strate chooses a good cast for her play-
let—"Two Lunatics."

JUNE

- 1—The Junior-Senior Banquet is made a big
affair.
8—Class night. A-h-h!
14—Commencement.
15—Shackles are thrown off until next September—
So long!





Interlude

A columbine trembles;
A butterfly flutters aghast;
As the boisterous wind
Scurries past.

An old pine murmurs
Then sobs in agony;
As the boisterous wind
Sways the mighty tree.

The mountains stand unmoved
In scornful majesty
As the boisterous wind
Claims false victory.

—Patricia Clements.



Time

Prize Poem

Time, that undefinable, intangible something,
Flowing endlessly on through countless ages,
So lasting, yet so fleeting and elusive.
Utterly merciless, and yet the most merciful thing in the world,
Soothing, healing human sorrow and pain.
So real, yet so unfathomable!

—Melba Crete.



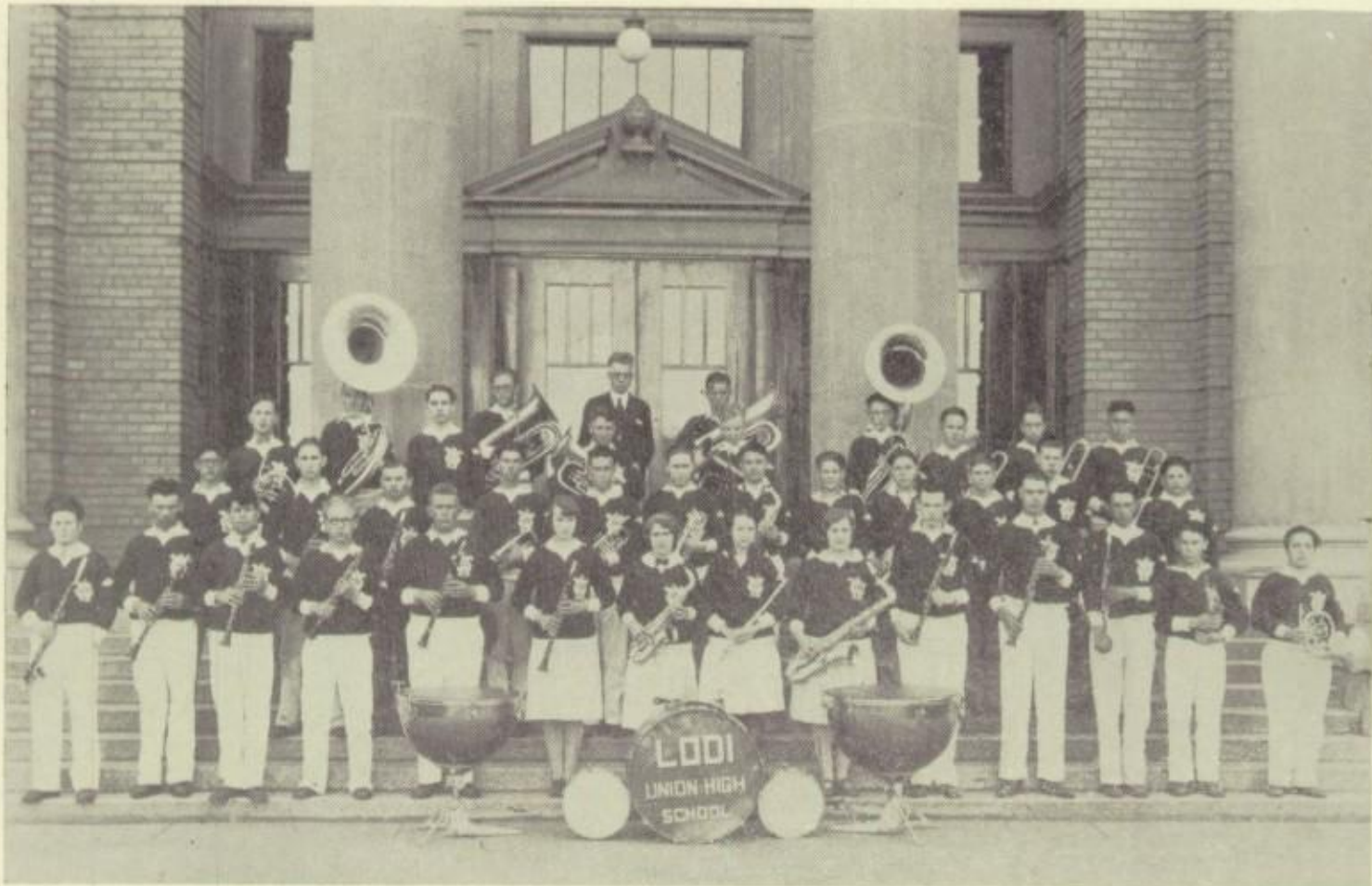
Student Body Officers



President of the Student Body.....	Clinton Smith
Vice President.....	Helen Neumann
Secretary.....	Walter Tecklenburg
Editor	Louis Neumann
Senior Class Representative.....	Ada Keagle
Junior Class Representative.....	Anna Devine
Sophomore Class Representative.....	Knox Marshall
Freshman Class Representative.....	Gerald Clouse
Yell Leader.....	Burget Bonine
Yell Leader.....	Harry Thornton



The Band



Our band has given a good account of itself within the last year and has succeeded in placing another trophy in the possession of Lodi High. Under the leadership of Reverda L. Cross, our band took first prize in its class at the State Band Contest held in San Francisco during May, 1927. The prize, consisting of a bronze tablet, is now a permanent possession of our school. The spirit with which the students of Lodi High undertake all activities was shown quite plainly in our band before the contest. In several cases the players bought different instruments so that the band might have a better instrumentation, a factor which undoubtedly aided in winning the award.

At all the football games the band was present and did its full share in supporting the team. The new uniforms of red and white added effectively in displaying our colors at these events. When the football season closed, the band continued its work and made frequent appearances during the morning assemblies. During the course of the year some of the best known marches and overtures have been presented. In these short concerts the band has aided the program committee in shortening the first period for the students who had not prepared their morning lessons.

Besides taking an active part in all school functions, the band played on various other occasions. It opened one of the sessions of the Teachers' Institute at Stockton and also furnished the music when the new city hall of Lodi was dedicated. More recently it gave a radio program over KWG in Stockton, and the praise received from all parts of the county is further evidence that we should be proud of our band and the progress that it has made in the past year.

The Orchestra

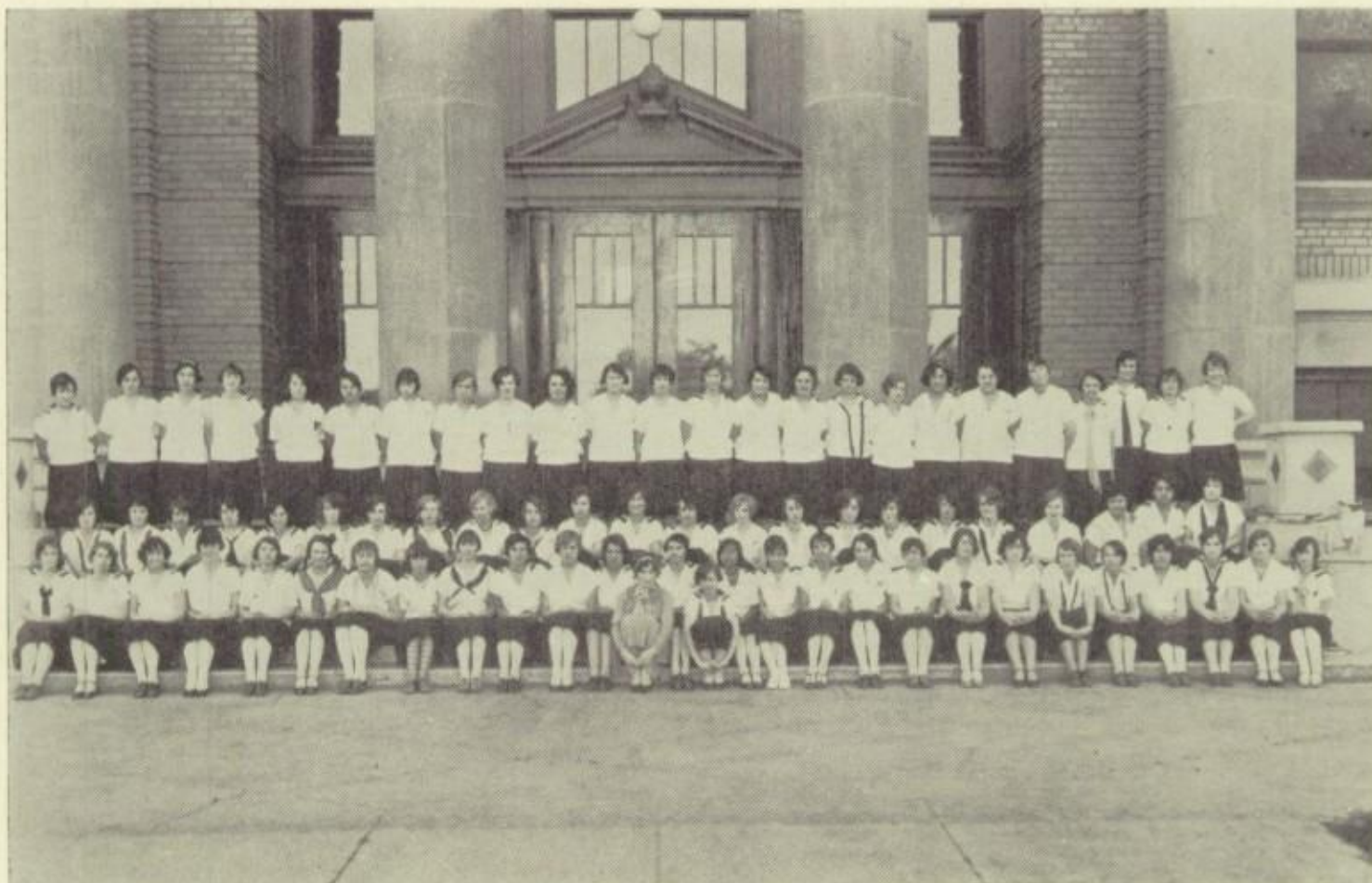
Several years ago the orchestra consisted of about a dozen pieces. Since then it has grown to four times that number, and it is quite possible that this number will increase still more during the coming year. Several new instruments were recently purchased by the school, and these were conscientiously studied under the direction of Mr. Cross until now we have one of the most complete orchestras to be found anywhere. This, along with the talent and large amount of enthusiasm displayed by its members, has made it a real credit to Lodi High and our community. Two of the young musicians have already won state-wide distinction by being members of the All-State Symphony Orchestra last year.

During the morning assemblies, the orchestra made frequent appearances before the student body, and the short concerts were always received with a great deal of applause. Several times during the year additional satisfaction was shown among the students when different members of the orchestra favored them with instrumental solos.

At the play "Adam and Eva" given in our auditorium, the orchestra made its first public appearance of the year. It greatly aided the cast by playing several overtures between the acts, and thereby helped to make the evening the great success it proved to be. The orchestra likewise cooperated with the vocal music department in presenting the operetta "In Old Louisiana" and furnished the accompaniment for the members of the cast. An undertaking of this kind requires a great deal of preparation, and the members of the orchestra deserve much credit for their achievements of the past year.



Vocal Music Department

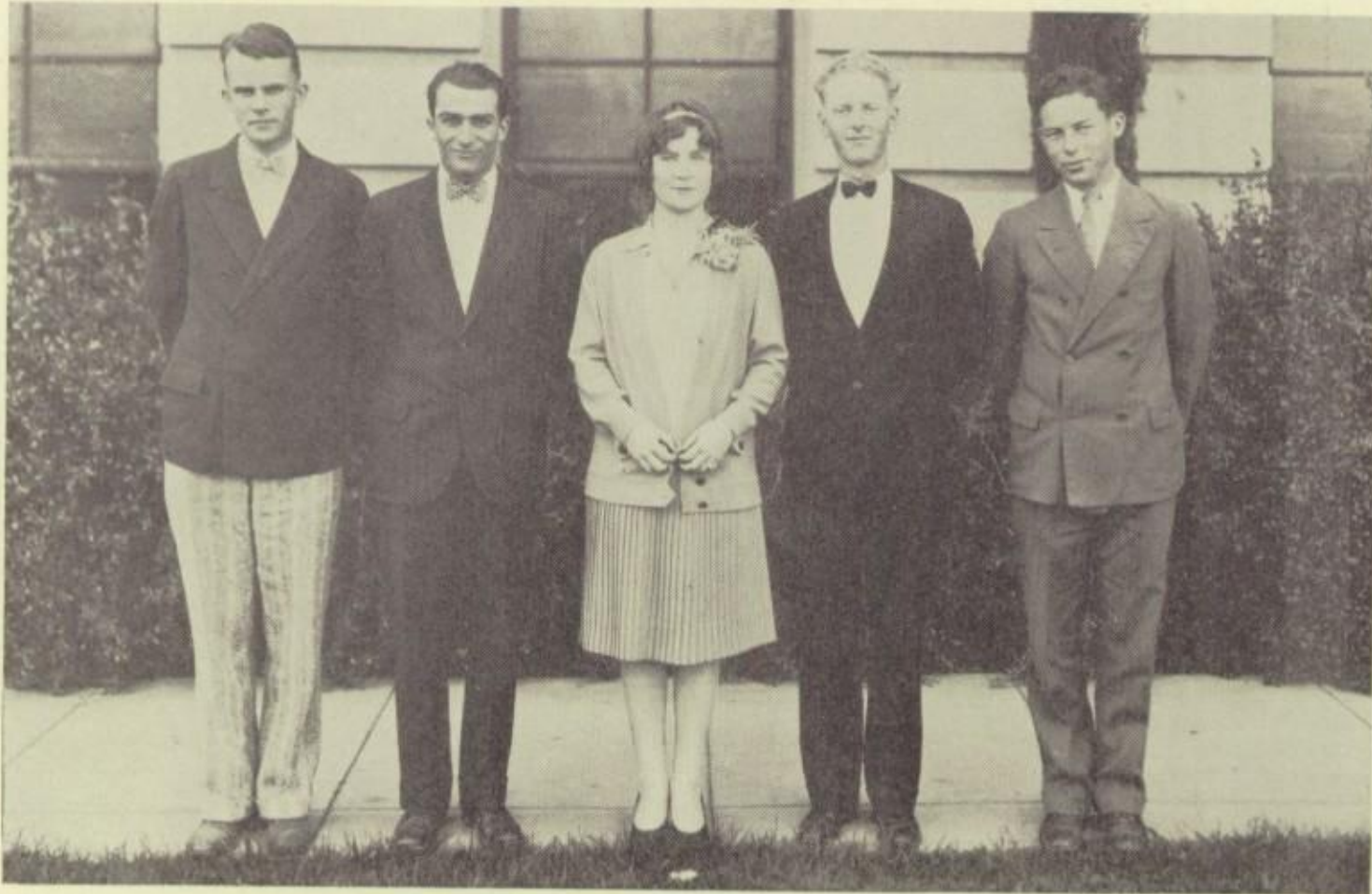


A girls' chorus of over a hundred members, divided into seven separate groups; the High School Boys' Quartet, capable of mastering all the classics of by-gone centuries; and a Senior Boys' Quartet of more than average talent—certainly such a combination can furnish a song for every occasion. Under the direction of Miss Rey Marchant, these groups have not only entertained the Student Body on numerous occasions but a large part of our community as well.

No doubt everyone is acquainted with the quartet composed of Harry Lerza, Louis Smithson, Reuben Burgstahler, and Emil Loffelbein. Whenever an exceptionally fine program has been desired, these boys have been called upon to offer several selections. Various service clubs have been fortunate in having them at their meetings as well as the San Joaquin County Teachers' Association and the Teachers' Institute. After all these programs this quartet received a great many words of praise. Their next great success came when they gave a radio program over KWG. This enabled many people who had not been fortunate in hearing these boys an opportunity to do so, and a great many must have been "listening in," as the compliments later received were numerous and from widely varied areas. This is the first year that these boys have been singing away from school and we hope their voices will become even better next year so that they might become more widely known.

The Senior Boys' Quartet composed of Waldemar Jacobsen, Winfield Montgomery, Walton Woodson, and Edgar Richards, has likewise taken a prominent part in many programs. If they had become organized when they were Freshmen we would probably need several pages to list all their achievements; but, as it is, they have a right to be proud of their present record.

The Girls' Chorus can also boast of its accomplishments. Many times we would have had fifteen minutes added to our first recitation period had it not been for their programs. Its members very successfully presented the operetta and likewise took part in our last annual Christmas program. Even the most shy among them has been able to test her voice one or more times during the year before an audience.



Girls' League

September 16, the Girls' League had its first meeting of the year. The main part of this tree was Althea Clark, President, while some of the limbs and roots of it were Vice-President, Elizabeth Bonine; Secretary, Cecilia Perrin; Treasurer, Melissa Welsh; Freshman Class Representative, Martha Jacobsen; Sophomore Class Representative, Helen Matthews; Junior Representative, Catherine Clark; Senior Class Representative, Helen Bennett; Dean, Signa Marie Holm.

This tree, planted in fertile soil, flourished. It produced many good meetings. A new plan was tried this year. At each meeting of the Girls' League one of the classes took charge.



On April 18, tall yellow candles and pink and yellow roses decorated the model apartment for the annual Girls' League Tea. The guests at this tea were the Girls' League members and their mothers, the faculty, and the Senior boys. The Sophomore and Junior girls, under the leadership of Elizabeth Bonine, worked very hard to make this affair a success.

The last meeting of the Girls' League was held May 16. At this time the new officers for 1928-29 were installed, and the League was adjourned for the year.

Programs were severally presented by the four classes in the following order: November first, by the Seniors, December 14, Juniors, January 24, Sophomores, and March 7, by the Freshman Class.

Agriculture

From acorn, to great oak the "Ag" Club grows, progressing by leaps and bounds. 1928 has been a very successful year for the Agricultural Department in every way. There are at present seventy-four members enrolled in the organization, the largest membership since the club was organized. For the coming year a much higher enrollment is expected. This steady increase in membership and the addition of a new agricultural subject called for an additional instructor. This teacher is Mr. Russell Freeman. He teaches Farm Mathematics and has supervision over the project work.

The Agricultural Club was awarded fourth place for the exhibit that was taken to the state fair. The Sweepstakes awards which were won, amounting to more than \$50, were turned over to the club treasury.

This year six complete judging teams were organized.



Lodi again made an exceptional record with its judging teams in 1927, when the livestock team won the State championship for the second time in three years. This contest was held at the University Farm at Davis early in October. Clinton Jewett ranked high point man, Marion Bessac, second, and Alvin Engel, seventh. This championship gave Lodi the right to represent the State of California at the American Royal Stock Show at Kansas City and at the International Livestock Show at Chicago. This trip was made possible by the prize offered by the Santa Fe Railroad to provide transportation, meals, and hotel accommodations to and from Kansas City.

The additional funds needed to go to Chicago were provided by the County and the Student Body.

On November 7, the team started their long journey over the arid wastes of Arizona and New Mexico on into the prosperous corn belt of Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois, traversing sections of nine states and giving the students a vivid contrast in methods of farming.

The first stop was at Topeka, Kansas, where J. C. Jerrel, head of the Colonization Department for the Santa Fe Railroad, met the team, and after a short visit, took them to meet Senator Capper. In a friendly talk, he expressed his views and opinions of agriculture and told of his legislation to better farming conditions. Afterwards the team was taken through Senator Capper's publication building and the State Capitol. The boys left Topeka for the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan, where they judged several classes of livestock for practice to get a better idea of the livestock produced in the Middle West.

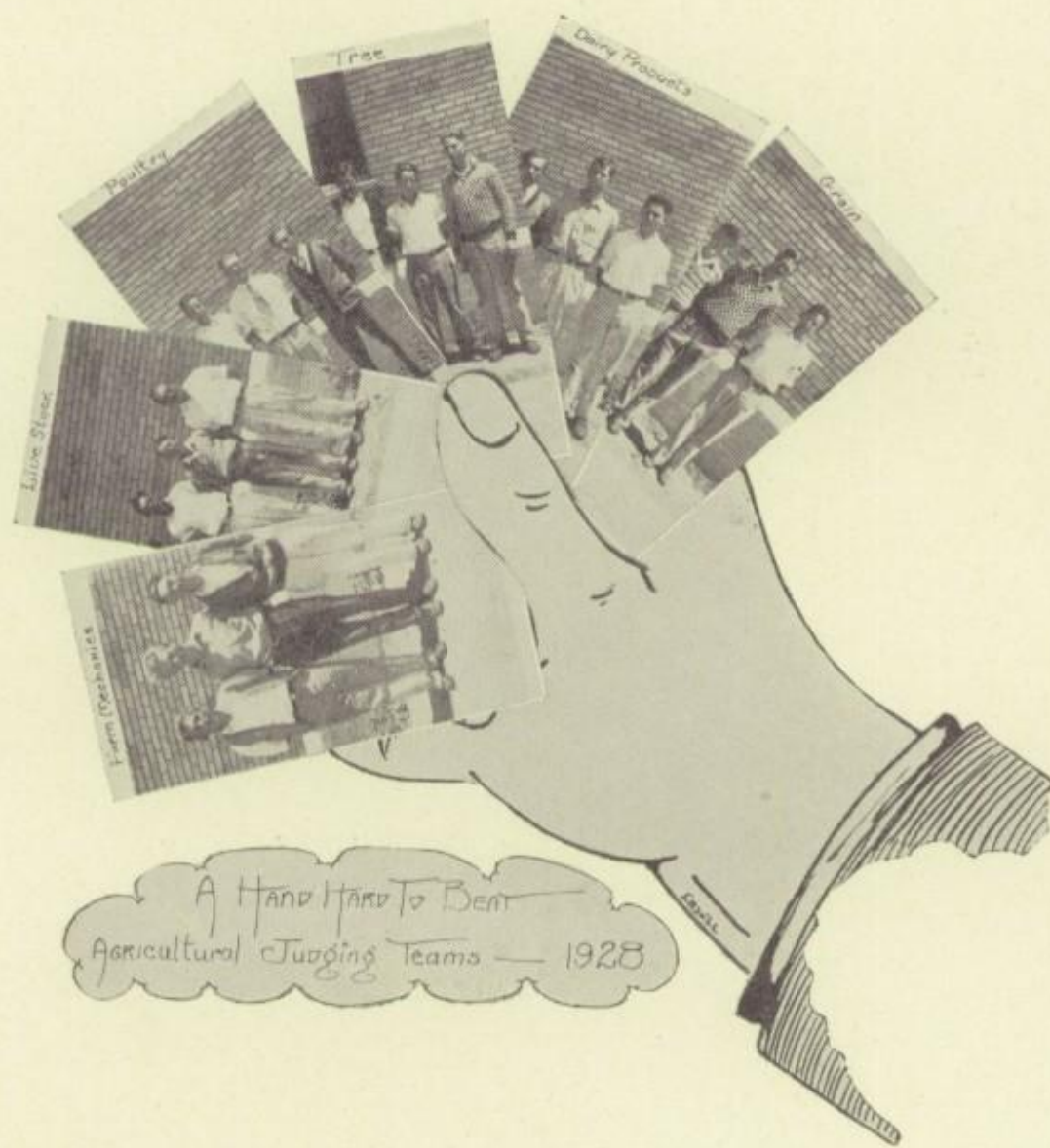
On arriving at Kansas City, the team stayed at the Baltimore Hotel and rested a few days previous to the contest. The Kansas City Chamber of Commerce was host to all the judging teams, and showed them all points of interest in the city. There were teams from twenty-seven states that participated in the judging contest. Among this number California placed third in livestock judging and second in the meat identification contest. After leaving Kansas City the team went to Iowa's Agricultural College at Ames, this being the largest and finest agricultural college in the United States. A day was spent at the college doing judging work and looking over the school. Leaving Ames the next day at noon, the party arrived in Chicago in the evening, where they stayed at the Great Northern Hotel. During the stay here, the boys went through the Field Museum, the Chicago Board of Trade, the Fruit Auction Market, and the Santa Fe Railroad building and also met the President and Vice-president of this company.

On Friday, the 22nd, the judging contest took place. It consisted of ten classes of livestock. There were teams from 22 states represented in this national judging contest. That night the judging teams were guests at the Sirloin Club in the Great Northern Hotel. Before the banquet, they were shown through the Hall of Fame. Here they saw the portraits of the men who had risen to fame through the development and improvement of the livestock industry. Some of them were the portraits of the founders of the meat packing industry such as Swift, Armour, and Cudahy. After the banquet the results were given with Oklahoma, first; Illinois, second; Minnesota, third; Kansas, fourth, and California, fifth. The following day the boys decided to leave the noisy city. They boarded the "California Scout," and after an hour's travel they were no longer in the busy city with its smoky buildings and amid its strife and turmoil; but were on their journey homeward over the Santa Fe trail that leads over the free and boundless west.

At Williams, Arizona, their Pullman was switched to a train that makes its run to the Grand Canyon, which makes it possible for a full day's sight-seeing in and about the canyon. The boys took advantage of this opportunity and spent a day there. They all decided to take the trip down into the canyon via mule back. For seven miles the Bright Angel Trail led them to the depths of the great abyss. Imagine that stupendous chasm in places ten to thirteen miles wide from rim to rim, more than 200 miles long, and more than a mile deep. A mighty river, the Colorado, has chiseled out the inner granite gorge. This gorge is flanked on each side by tier upon tier of

huge architectural forms—veritable mountains—carved by erosion from the solid rock strata which lie exposed in great layers to the desert sun and are all painted in colors of the rainbow. At noon the boys reached the canyon's floor and ate their lunch on the banks of the wild Colorado River. After lunch the trail party began their long climb for the rim. That evening a weary but happy group of boys boarded the train for their journey homeward over the sandy wastes of the Mojave desert, reaching their destination after a month's vacation.

Lodi entered judging teams in several other contests earlier in the season; at the San Joaquin County Fair, Stanislaus County Fair, the State Fair, and the Pacific Slope Dairy Show at Oakland.



On April 21st, 1928, Lodi entered five teams to participate in the Davis Annual Picnic Day Judging contest. Here Lodi won five trophies; two cups for judging milk products and horses, and three in agronomy, in which division two cups were won for judging potatoes and barley and a third was awarded for seed identification. Individually some of the members made high records. This was the largest contest of the season with 58 schools competing and a total of 510 contestants. Lodi ranked fifth among these fifty-eight schools and was only fifteen points behind Woodland, which won the coveted plaque for highest honors.



The poultry and tree judging teams qualified in the semi-finals at Marysville for participation in the state finals to be held at Pomona this spring instead of in the fall.

The ninth annual Agricultural Club Father and Son Banquet was held on the evening of May 11. The principal speakers of the evening were J. A. McPhee, State Supervisor of Agriculture, and R. J. Werner. Invitations were extended to eighth grade boys of Lodi Grammar schools in order to acquaint them with the Agriculture Department and encourage them in taking up the agricultural courses in this high school.

The officers for the year were: President, Clinton Jewett; Vice-President, Winfield Montgomery; Secretary, Ernest Burner; and Treasurer, Harold Wakefield. This ends the march of events and marks a very prosperous year for the Agricultural Club.



The Storm

Cold wintry weather,
An angry sea tossing restlessly,
Dark clouds overhead.
Now rumbling in the distance
Growing louder and louder
A crash! and then the storm.

—Orion Wakefield.



A Mystery

Honorable Mention
Death is but a parting,
Not for very long.
Life is just a dream
Or a song.
Death is just a trip,
Yet we grieve.
Life is but the station
That we leave.

—Elizabeth Bonine.



The Dancers

Whirling madly,
Hopping gladly,
Go the dancers of today!
Stepping wildly,
Never mildly,
They're the dancers of today!
Will they fall?
No, not at all!
Not the dancers of today!
Now they run!
Oh, what fun
Have the dancers of today!

—Lois Fuller.



"Phyllis" 29

THE

ME

Sewing Class With M

Teachers Planning

to Annual

Ser

Op

Staff



Editor.....	Louis Neumann
Assistant Editor.....	Betty Anne Newfield
Business Manager.....	Hugh McKenzie
Assistant Business Manager.....	Howard Bailey
Girls' Athletics.....	Melissa Welsh
Boys' Athletics.....	Waldemar Jacobsen
Art.....	Helen Neumann
Dramatics.....	Marjorie Almond
Jokes.....	Marion Lasell
Organizations.....	Frank Peikert
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Exchanges.....	Martha Fetzner
Alumni.....	Raymond Stuck



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department is
GOOD

THE ALERT
YOUR literary
department is
especially com-
mendable.

SHASTA DAISY
The photographic
views of Shasta
ARE VERY AP-
propriate.

HOPE

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YOUR CARTOONS
ARE
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Quill
Though otherwise
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department
is excellent.

Exchanges

ENTERPRISE—
Your calendar
is amusingly
illustrated

THE POPPY
As a whole,
your annual
is well-
balanced.

BUCCANEER
Your art
department
is exceptionally
good.

C. Leech.

Honor Roll

Valedictorian.....Frank Peikert

Salutatorian.....Martha Fetzer

Honor Students

CLASS OF '28

Helen Bennett Martha Fetzer

Reinhart Heinitz

Anna Belle James Frank Peikert

Allen Pool

Mathilda Schlichter LeRoy Weaver

CLASS OF '29

Bonnie Bare Elizabeth Bonine

Bessie Brinson

Melba Crete Elma Henning

Viola Klemin

Louise Lerza Gerald Clouse

CLASS OF '30

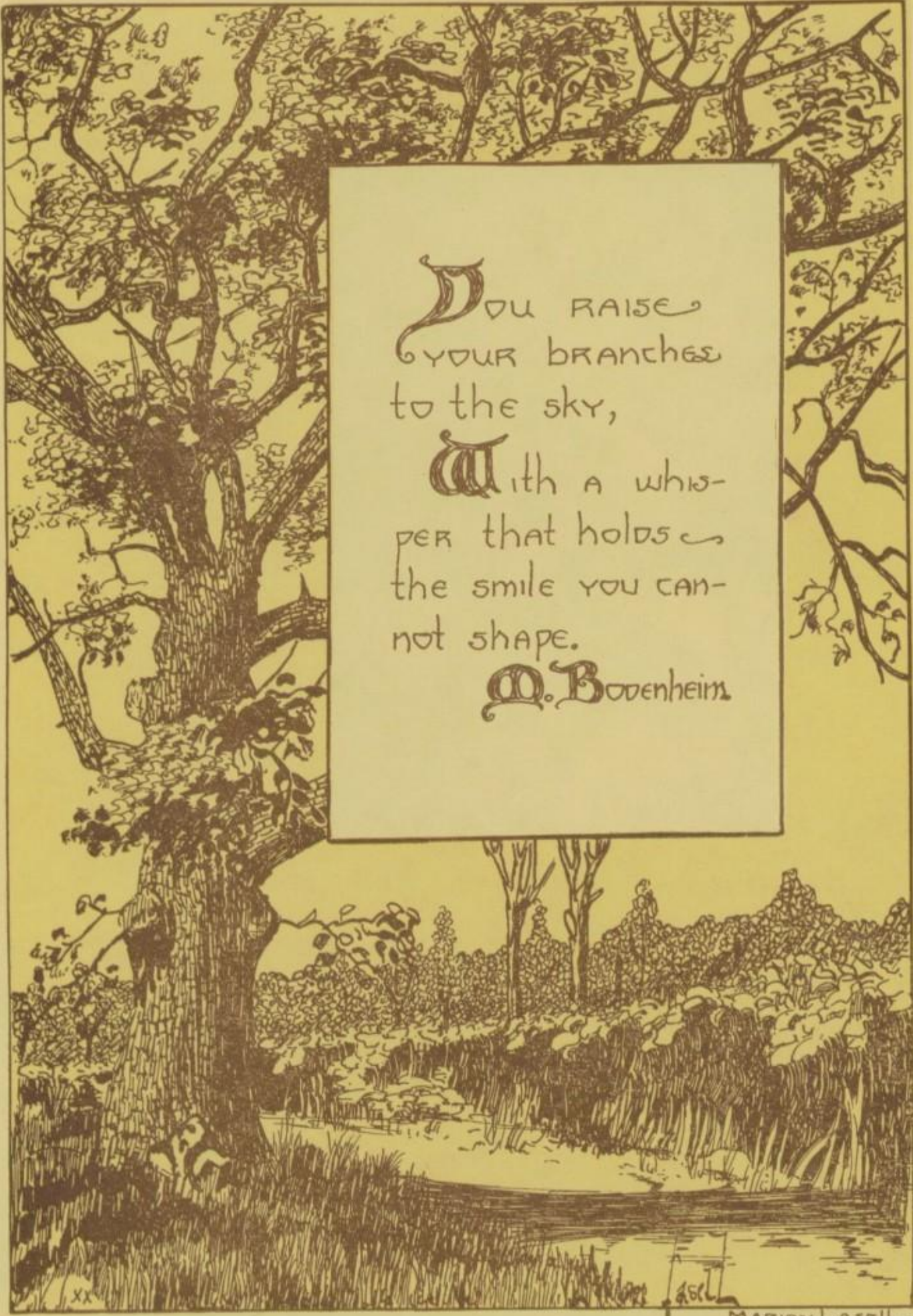
Dale Dargitz Elinor Snyder

CLASS OF '31

Lydia Beisel Ellen Henning

Walter Kiesling

Margaret Taylor Katherine Powers



YOU RAISE
YOUR BRANCHES
TO THE SKY,

WITH A WHIS-
PER THAT HOLDS
THE SMILE YOU CAN-
NOT SHAPE.

M. BODENHEIM

Adam and Eva

"Have a bite of my apple, Adam?" asked Bonnie. We do not quite remember what Louis said, but we are absolutely positively certain that it was not, "The woman did tempt me, and I did eat." No, sir! It couldn't have been. Young men as much in love as Adam Smith do not blame their adored one for anything, least of all their own downfalls. Adam's did not actually fall down. He merely staged a fake bankruptcy, "fit for the King." It positively rejuvenated them; made them over on new lines, so to speak. When Adam caused the family fortune to "flap its wings and fly away," he did a good job and allowed the family jewelry to flit also. In that way he forced the parasitical King family to "earn its board and keep."



When the Kings found themselves left in the charge of a wistful, dreaming, blonde boy, without the support of an over indulgent "pater," they just had to wake up. Aunt Abbie Rocker, Alicia Lowe, just couldn't abide poverty or work, so she sought refuge by marrying a gouty individual whom she had apparently reserved for just such an emergency. Uncle Horace became a life insurance agent, instead of a semi-invalid. If Lawrence Poundstone ever says anything to you about a little twenty-year endowment policy—well, you'd better do a bit of hasty exiting. Eva, Bonnie Bare; Julie, Melissa Welsh; the maid, Corinthia, Helen Neumann, were really quite fond of farm life in New Jersey, with a few bees and chickens. Lord Andrew Gordon, Harold Tower, proved himself a better fellow than Dr. Jack Delameter, Clin-



ton Smith, and started a riding academy, riding stable, or some other horsey thing. Clinton was not overly fond of bankrupt heiresses, so he quite coolly retired to his office and became absorbed in the details of his fashionable and profitable practice.

Julie DeWitt, Melissa Welsh, was very much in love with her husband Clinton, Burget Bonine, and thought his "pious ideas!" were "just simply wonderful, Clintie, dear!" She even stood by him when he became a sporting goods salesman and wore tie clips.

Adam made chicken coops and bee hives and what not; in fact, he was quite indispensable about the place—so much so that Eva could not do without him. Even Mr. King, Waldemar Jacobson, admitted that when he, Mr. King, returned from the Amazon. And "they all lived happily ever after."



In Old Louisiana

Soft, southern accent, bouffant skirts, rich, creamy magnolias, wide blue of the Father of Waters, the low croonin' of an old, Southern melody—beautiful girl, handsome young man, sly, designing villian, river pilot, several darkies, and the gallantry of the pre-war South. Ah! There we have the essentials for romance, drama, near tragedy. Near tragedy, because it would be next to impossible to have a really, truly, weeping, wailing tragedy in such a lovely setting. Nevertheless, we very nearly end our romance sadly, for Dick and Simon Scudder, like Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, decide to have a battle, for Tweedle Dee said Tweedle Dum had insulted his lady's honor.

Rose, Joanna Wasson was the adopted daughter of Pilot Robert Farley and the sweetheart of Richard St. John. Naturally, like all true lovers, Rose and Dick wished to marry. But Rose, being prudent and desirous of looking before she leaped, would not consent until she knew of her parentage. Simon Scudder, overseer of the Sans Souci Sugar Plantation, also appreciated the fairness of the pilot's daughter, and being of a helpful turn of mind, engaged Holly Timms, a New Orleans lawyer, to prove Rose an octoroon, and "no better than any other nigger!" In fact it was this very statement which provoked the duel. But we're jumping to the climax and leaping to conclusions, which is extremely bad policy in most cases.

Perhaps we really should tell you the entire cast at once. Then you'll not be forever trying to figure out who and what. Here's "Who's Who in Louisiana."



Old Ned, a colored servant, Louis Neumann. Rose, Pilot Farley's adopted daughter, Joanna Wasson. Richard St. John, a young sugar planter, Harry Lerza. Simon Scudder, Pilot Farley's overseer, Walton Woodson. Holly Timms, a shady lawyer from New Orleans, Winfield Montgomery. (Didn't you love his home raised sideburns? We did.) Jack Martin, a friend of Scudder's from New Orleans, Edgar Richards. Martha St. John, Richard's sister, Virginia Curry. Monty Gray, a friend of Richard's from the North, (and enamored of Martha) Lewis Smithson. Pilot Robert Farley, pilot on the good steamer "Eclipse" and owner of the Sans Suci Sugar Plantation, Emil Loeffelbein. Judy, Old Ned's wife and the best cook in New Orleans (also a regular "belladonna," ask Old Ned) Carmen Corbin. Marquis de la Tour of Bordeaux, France, who turns out to be one of Rose's relatives, August Hartman. Bruce MacDougal, the county sheriff, Reinhart Senner. Also several natty pirates and sailors



and a chorus of Southern planters, their wives, daughters, and sweethearts.

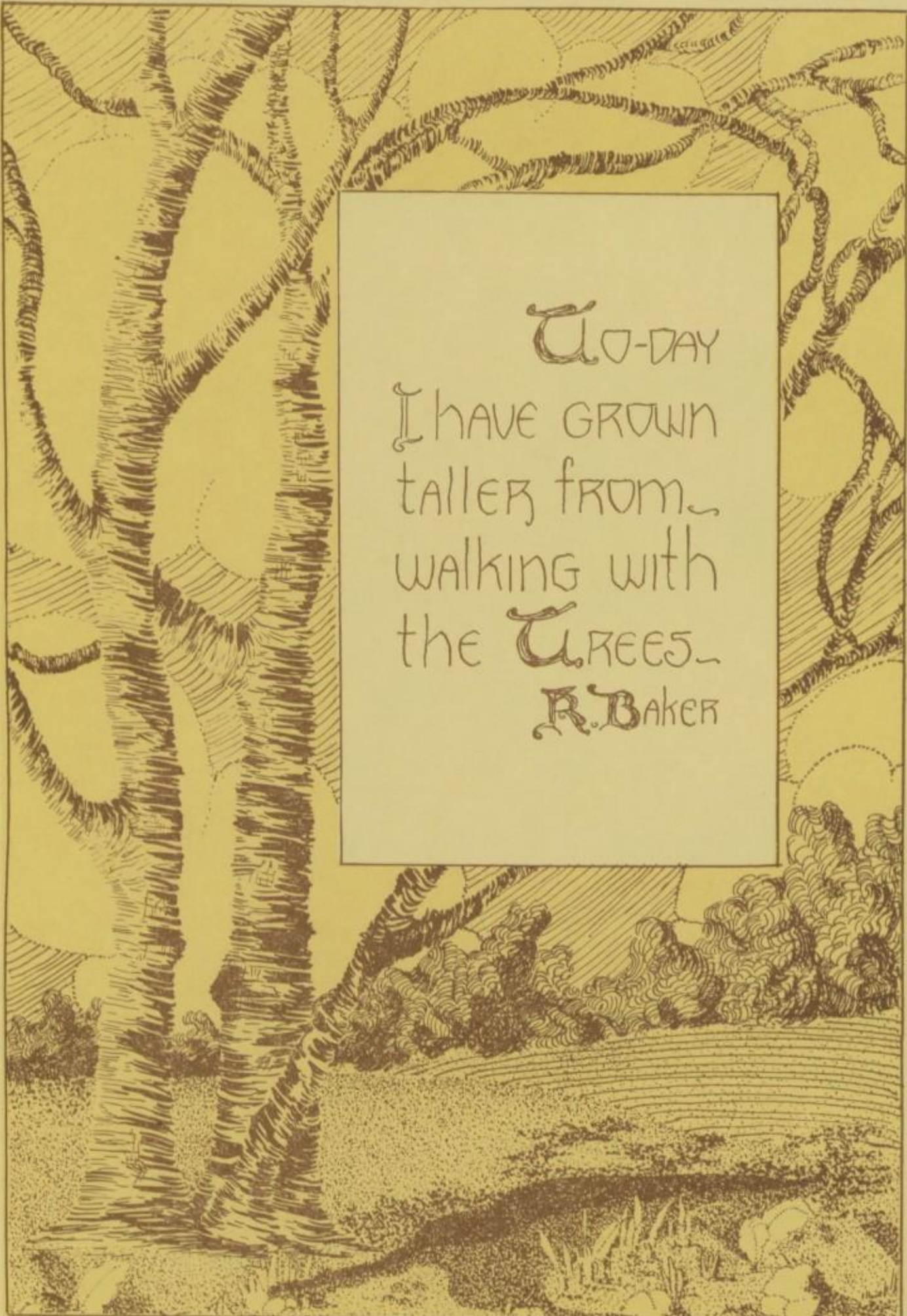
Now we'll give you the plot of this little comedy. It seems that Pilot Farley was away quite frequently aboard the "Eclipse" and that he left the management of his place to Simon Scudder. Simon was a good man at heart, but he had an unconquerable weakness for Rose, and money. He knew that Rose did not love him and that she did love Dick; therefore he hated Dick. Being wise and hoping to exterminate two "birds" with one brick, he commanded Holly Timms to draw up a fake document of Rose's parentage and asked Dick for the cash to refinance the Sans Souci. But Daddy Bob returned and put the crimp in this little scheme. The Sans Souci did not need the cash; it was a sugar plantation. So Simon Scudder really wanted to pay Timms and live happily, not to say comfortably, with Rose on the left overs. Angry, because his foul deed had been frustrated, Simon determined to revenge himself and issued the mighty proclamation that Rose was an octoroon and "No better than any other nigger!" The heroic Dick came to his lady's rescue and threw his gloves in the evil face of the villain. (We supposed they were gloves—they're customary.) Anyway, Simon and Dick fought a duel. No, not with fists; they're much too vulgar! They used pistols, actually—we heard 'em. Then came the near tragedy. Dick was hit! But only in the hand.

However, Rose was still in the dark as to whether she was one of the despised octoroons. Never mind—we'll rescue her. Enter the Marquis de la Tour of Bordeaux, a gallant, handsome Frenchman, rivalling even the Southerner in his courtliness. He had with him a most notable gentleman, Bruce MacDougal, the County Sheriff. Aha! The Marquis had come in quest of a beautiful (lost female relatives are always beautiful) and long lost granddaughter. "Rose!" you exclaim. Yes, it, or rather, she was Rose. And Holly Timms' document as to her birth was not authentic. Take it away—it's counterfeit! Simon Scudder was taken in charge by the law, and instead of being an overseer on the Sans Souci Sugar Plantation, he was overseer in the New Orleans jail. Now that Rose's objections were abolished, there were no reasons why she and Dick shouldn't—so they did.



Finale—Curtain—"Stony Point" played by the Lodi Union High School Orchestra, direction of R. L. Cross.

ATHLETICS



TO-DAY
I HAVE GROWN
taller from
walking with
the TREES.
R. BAKER

CATHERINE CLARK.

The Sports of the Year

When in September of 1927, the athletic mentors began developing men for the gridiron, the cinder path, and later the basketball and tennis courts, the prospects for a successful athletic season were not bright.

The Red and White football material, with the exception of a few veterans, consisted mainly of unpolished and certainly inexperienced men. The graduation of the illustrious and talented class of '27 left a cloud of uncertainty to the basketball outlook as well as to the pigskin pastime. Although this loss was not so evident on the track teams, there was still much work to be done in acquiring the successful combinations of which we are so proud.

However, the old "Fighting Flame" spirit which has ever been Lodi High's most formidable asset, though a little lax at first, set a goal which future students should ever strive to attain. Coaches Jimmy Hole and Mac McKay and their assistants rounded the Flame adherents into some of the best teams that ever graced the campus of Lodi High School, and much of the success of these teams is due to the efficient and unselfish work of these coaches.

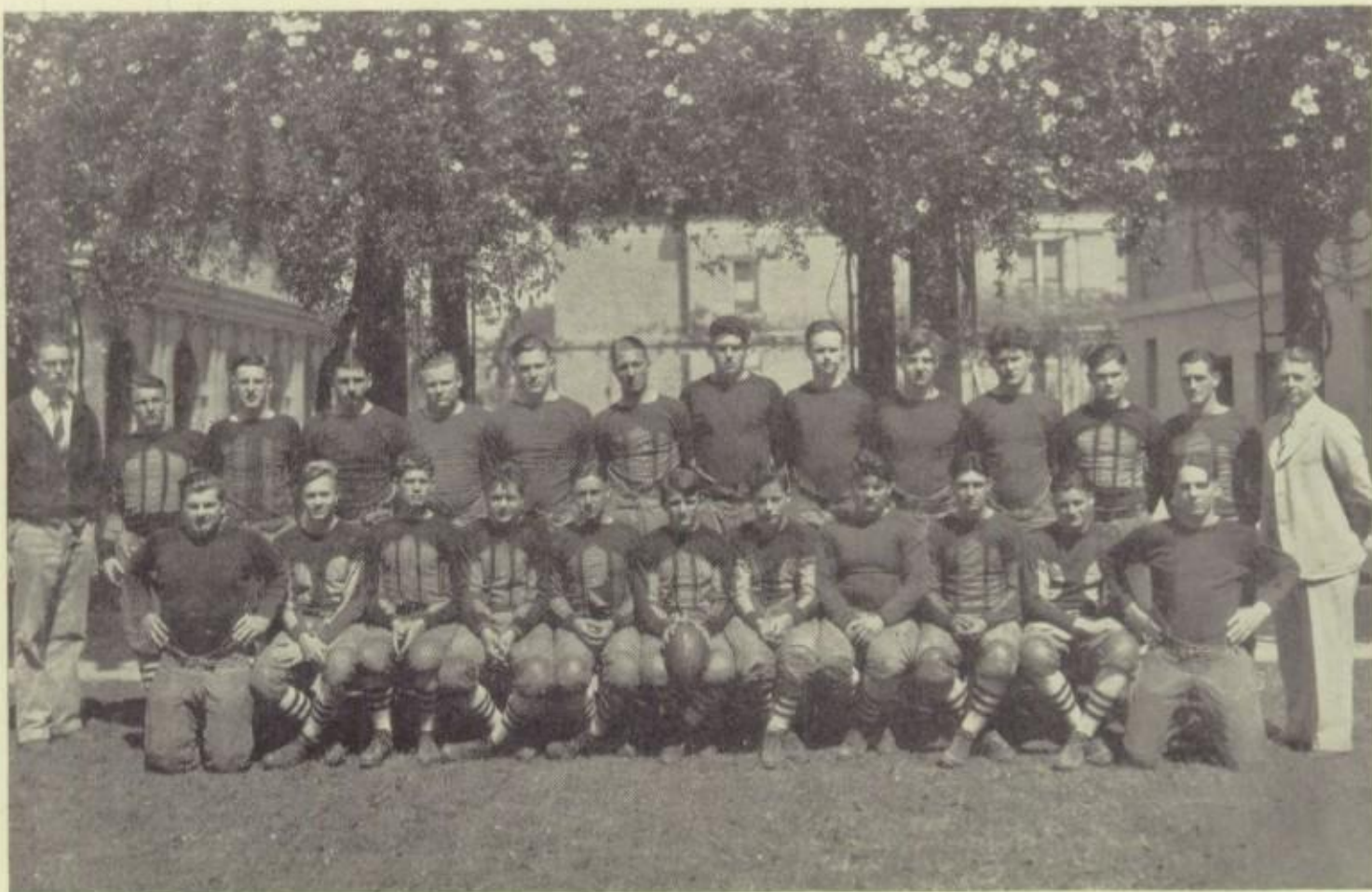
Commentary on this season and the next we have the words of Jimmy Hole:

"The past football season was the not unusual season following a successful one. There was a lack of material, due to the loss of eighteen letter men, and also an apparent let-down in school spirit on the part of the student body. This lack of support was also carried over through the basketball season.

"As to next year's prospects in football and basketball I shall say that we look forward to one of our most successful seasons. Experience is the important item in any successful organization and to start the football season next fall, we will have fourteen Block L men and about twenty second-team men with football experience; while for basketball we will have seven Block L men and eleven circle L men from this year's team.

"In order to insure an entire success in athletics, the student body must give all of its school spirit and support to all of the team all of the time."

FOOTBALL



First Team

It was not until after playing through a long and hard schedule that Coach Jimmy Hole's flaming cohorts finally fell before the murderous onslaught of Stockton's "Ghost Train." This is a record which is commensurate with all commendation by fellow students and classmates. And, what is of even greater importance, although the class of '28 possessed brilliant members on the squad, it can also boast of leaving a greater wealth of promising material than many another class to leave these barracks of learning.

Captain-elect Jack Happe, fighting guard of last year's aggregation, and a member of the all-section team, was not able to get into the lineup this year because of illness, which necessitated a long absence from school. This left, for one thing, a gap in the line, and secondly, the captaincy unfilled, which were severely felt by all concerned. Tony Donadio, his team-mate, an all-round athlete and half-back on the all-state team, was elected, and it was his fight which led the team through the line of victories to follow. The varsity squad of 1927: Captain Tony Donadio, R. Heinitz, R. Burgstahler, A. Lind, I. Newcomb, D. McClure, W. Shipman, L. Weaver, J. Lauchland, J. Granlees, R. Burnett, J. Pucheu, G. Wallior, F. Wirtz, W. Montgomery, S. Anderson, L. Mettler, A. Gillespie, O. Pope, L. Siemering, E. Oberlander, O. Terwillagher, E. Werner, G. Engel, A. Thomas, and G. Strobbridge.

After spring practice had begun, Jack Happe was again elected to lead the Flames. Jack means a lot to the team.

PRE-LEAGUE GAMES

Flames vs. Preston, 27-0; Flames vs. Cal. Aggies Reserves, 13-6; Flames vs. C. P. Reserves, 30-0; Flames vs. Tracy High, 25-6. Such were the scores which indicated Lodi's wins in the Pre-league games. It was in these encounters that the charging Lodi line received its first real organized opposition, and the elusive backfield, led by the diminutive Captain Donadio, perfected its well-rehearsed plays.

These games were an important factor in the shaping of the men into a football machine. And victoriously the Flames emerged. Triumphant the season began—and continued.

FLAMES, 19—TURLOCK, 0

Firmly confident, the Lodi team traveled to the land of the canteloupe, where the lads of the melon center finished at the short end of a 19-0 score. The game was not one full of thrills, played as it was on a soft, sandy field, but it showed that Coach Jimmy Hole had instilled into his flaming horde the fundamentals of the great American game. Few players were sure of their positions as yet. One goal was the result of a forward pass, Engel to Welch; and Donadio and Strobridge each contributed one through the line.

FLAMES, 13—WOODLAND, 12

For the second game of the season the Hole men met the ravaging Woodland Wolves on the local gridiron. The Wolves had just defeated the powerful Modesto Panthers, reputed by most sports writers to be the best eleven in the league. With grim determination, the fiery flaming horde entered the fray. They fought and won.

In all fairness to those concerned, it must be said that the victory for the home team was more impressive than the close score would indicate. At half time the score was 13-0, in favor of the Tokay aggregation. Then, in the third quarter things began to happen. After the kick-off the Wolves marched down the field for a touchdown. A few minutes later this was repeated when a poor pass from center gave a Woodland man the ball, who scampered twenty yards to cross the line. In both instances the try for point failed. The Flame defense tightened, and as the game ended Lodi was ahead, 13-12. However, it was the extra point for conversion in the second quarter that won the game.

Strobridge, powerful plunging fullback, in the first quarter, and the ever conspicuous Captain Donadio in the second were responsible for the Lodi tallies.

FLAMES, 0—MODESTO, 0

A torrid affair, should we say? At any rate this contest against the supposedly high-touted Modesto Tigers, played before Lodi High's own grandstand, was a ragged exhibition of the oval pastime. The Flames did not function as a perfect machine as in other contests. It was the first time in the history of the school that the locals played to a scoreless tie.

Twice the Lodians were within scoring distance, but they lacked that necessary something to put the ball across the line. At one time, in the second quarter, a pass from Engle was intercepted on Modesto's ten-yard line, and the chances for scoring were for the moment dimmed, for the Panthers worked the ball back to the fifty yard line before the Flames

regained it. Again, in the fourth quarter, the flaming horde maneuvered the ball from their own twenty-five yard line to their opponent's four-yard line, and then lost it. When the final whistle blew the ball was in possession of the home team on the Panthers' thirty-five-yard line after a forty-yard march down the field. Straight football would have won the game.

FLAMES, 13—SACRAMENTO, 7

The Lodi High School gridiron machine went into the Sacramento Valley game on high. Behind a dynamic, impetuous line, the spectacular and illusive backfield charged and squirmed its way to triumphant victory. The Senators' highly rated backfield, with Jack Smith, colored ball-toter, very much in evidence, did manage to get away for some gains, but their lone tally was made in the fourth quarter as a result of a blocked kick, which gave them the oval on the Lodi one-yard line. It took three downs to buck it over for a touchdown.

It was again Donadio and "Biff" Strobbridge who were responsible for the local scores, one in the first and one in the second quarter. Montgomery at center and the rest of the team played a hard, spirited, brilliant game, which made them look once again like a real football machine. As the final gun ended the game, the Flames had the ball on the Purple's six-inch line. It was a wonderful contest, that Armistice day fete at Sacramento.

FLAMES, 0—STOCKTON, 38

The Stockton game, which every Red and White partisan realized long before would decide the sub-league championship, ended in a bitter, stinging defeat for Lodi's fighting Flames. The fast Tarzan backfield managed to penetrate the tight Lodi defense and roll up a series of six touchdowns before the final gun ended the game.

The first quarter ended in a scoreless tie, but in the second period an intercepted pass began the Blue and White "Ghost Train" on their way to a thirty-eight point victory over Lodi High's fiery flaming horde.

Thus the football season of 1927-'28 became a part of the annals of Lodi. Every member on the team, with Wirtz, Montgomery, Pope and Heinitz playing their last game for Lodi High, gave the best in him every minute of the time for his Alma Mater. Outplayed in every department of the game except in punting, Coach Jimmy Hole's "Fighting Flames" went down fighting before a superior Stockton eleven. But this does not in the least detract from the ability of the team. May future teams repeat this calendar of glorious achievements and blot out its one defeat.

Second Team
Football



Track

Track, a sport comparatively new at Lodi High, came into its own this year and continued the rapid strides of improvement started last year under Coach Don G. McKay. A large number of men left from last year's championship team and certain new tracksters came out early in the season to begin the intensive practice, the results of which finally terminated in Lodi's winning the C. C. H. S. A. L. meet, and going on toward a state championship.

Coach McKay sent five men to Berkeley to help the All-Sectional team defeat the University of California Freshman, 76-42.

Intramural track ended with the Seniors on top. Then came the meet with Roseville. Lodi ran away with both class A and B squad wins by lengthy scores. The total final count was 161-64. While no records were broken, some very good marks were made.



At the second annual Sacramento Relay Carnival, held at Davis, Lodi won first place, 13 points ahead of Turlock, second place winner.

The triangular meet at Modesto between the Modesto, Oakdale, and Lodi high schools, found Lodi ending second. Oakdale, winner of the encounter, counted 121 points, while Lodi was only 4 points behind, with 117.

The last meet before the C. I. F. contest was between the thin-clads of Lodi, Woodland, and Sacramento high schools, held on the home campus.



Here again the Flames displayed their superiority on the cinder paths by carrying away first place honors with $63 \frac{2}{3}$ points. Woodland came second with $42 \frac{2}{3}$ points. The undefeated Flame relay team again nosed out its competitors.

On April 21 Lodi High School's Red Shirts won the C. C. H. S. A. L. track meet, held on the local campus. Lodi's $46\frac{1}{2}$ points to Stockton's and Turlock's $35\frac{1}{2}$ spoke well for coach and members of the squad alike. With 12 schools taking part, the Flames placed in every event entered except the 100-yard sprint. Thirteen men placed in one of the first four berths. They will represent Lodi at the northern meet to be held at the Modesto Junior College field a week later. These include the best prep relay teams about this part of the country, who crossed the line in 1:34, breaking the record of last year's team by two seconds.

Poser of the Flames, Gray of Stockton, Bossano of Turlock, and Styles of Huhgson tied for high point honors of the meet. Lodi took five first places. One of these was taken by Captain Oliver Pope, husky Flame weight man, who won the shot put with a record of $46' 1\frac{1}{4}"$. The meet was truly a wonderful climax to a successful track season. The Lodi track team can look forward to the northern and state meet without the slightest doubt as to their success in it.



BASKET BALL

First Team

The basketball season of 1928 at Lodi High School was not ushered in with the cheerful spirit of former years. The loss occasioned by the graduation of last year's combination, except Captain Donadio, was keenly felt by all. But the sterling qualities of Coach Jimmy Hole were brought to the fore when Captain Tony Donadio, plucky running guard, led his team through the league schedule, being nosed out of a second berth by the Sacramento Senators. They played marvelous games, never once giving up hope, even when they seemed to be hopelessly outclassed. "Fight! Fight!" were the words which rallied the red-and-white striped sons of Lodi High, and it took a great team to win from them.



"Sharkey" Siemering, husky forward and center, has been elected next year's captain, and he will be, as this year, a moral as well as a physical support to the team.

The varsity squad of 1928 was: Captain Donadio, Siemering, Engel, Burson, Pucheu, Smith, and Burnett.

In the Pre-League games Lodi was, for the greater part, victorious. The Manteca and Preston teams were defeated by good margins, as were also the Battery "F" Cagemen and Livewires of this city. The Concordia College

varsity of Oakland was repulsed here in customary fashion in an interesting tilt to the tune of 36-25. In the one game with the College of Pacific Freshmen, however, the Flames were defeated. They were not accustomed to the large college floor, and for this reason played this practice game before the Stockton tangle. The score at the end of the contest was 24-14 in favor of the Frosh.

Lodi High School opened the league season at Woodland in a promising fashion by tricking the Wolves into a 28-19 victory. "Sharkey" Siemering starred for the locals with 12 points to his credit. The Flames did not get started until the second quarter, but after that they displayed a good brand of teamwork. Apparently they were slightly outclassed by the tight defense of the Yolo five; however, the Flames played a spirited game in this first contest of the C. I. F.

Next Lodi's quintet was given a scare on their home court by the Galt Milkers. The Sacramento County team threatened often to get ahead of the Flames, but when the final gun ended the game, Lodi was ahead, 21-16. It was a contest played between evenly matched teams, and the Hole men won only after four periods of constant battling.

For the third Federation game, Lodi's Fighting Flames traveled to the capitol city. The loss of Captain Donadio at running guard, and also the lack of Red-and-White supporters in the rooting section, had much to do with the 28-18 loss suffered by Coach Hole's squad.

In the last game of the first half of conference matches, the Lodi quintet ended the game with 19 points to their opponents' 27. The Stockton Tarzans gained a lead shortly after the initial whistle, which they held until the timer's gun ended the contest. Burson was high-point man of the Lodi squad, with 7 points, while "Sharkey" Siemering counted 6. The rest of the team, which included Smith, Engel, and Captain Donadio played a snappy and effective game, which showed that, although the eye for the basket was not so good, they had acquired fast and accurate footwork. Especially in evidence was the deceptive dribbling and fast passing of Captain Donadio, who was the outstanding man on the squad. Every man fought valiantly, but Lodi's Fighting Flames lost to a superior team.

The cage tilt next to claim the attention of the Red and White boys was the second one with the Woodland Wolves. The close score of 26-23 indicates how hard the game was fought. With Burson out of the game because of injuries, the Flames were somewhat handicapped. Siemering, however, played a fighting game at center, figuring in every play. Captain Donadio was again game high-point man with 6 field goals, while Smith claimed 3. With the score 20-19 at the end of the third period, the last quarter became a desperate battle. The Flames managed to hold the Yolo five to 4 points, while they themselves took 6.

For the second game in the second half of the league schedule, the Fighting Flames entertained the Galt Milkers on the local floor again. This tilt, rather a ragged affair in the first half, ended with Lodi leading 27-25. Although the Galtonians led 16-12 at the end of the half, the last period was Lodi's with 15 markers. Engel led the home hoopsters with 5 goals opposite his name, while Johnson, former Lodi boy, played a classy game for the Galt team.

The next game spelled defeat for Lodi's Fighting Flames. The Sacramento Purples cinched second berth by defeating Coach Jimmy Hole's basketball machine by a 41-26 score. The Flames did not come up to their usual



performance, and the Senators' smooth playing easily repeated for the capitol city their first win.

In the last contest Stockton High School repeated its early season win over Lodi by a 27-17 score. The early lead the Tarzans acquired could at no time be taken from them. "Slim" Burson, with his leg still bandaged, led Lodi's scoring parade and also did some excellent defense work, and Captain Donadio was his usual spirited self. The rest of the team all fought hard, but the Tarzans proved themselves to be the better team.



Second Team Basket Ball

The "Little Flames" basketball team, "The cradle of the varsity," this year shared the honors of the first team. Although they gained no championships, the class B men won several important and exciting tangles, and fought hard in all contests. They received the training in the fundamentals of the game which will stand them in good stead when next season's practice begins.

The class B men for 1928: Terwillagher, Oberlander, Wirtz, Longmier, Conklin, Heinitz, Jackson, Seiferling, and Strobridge.

The Flamelets won most of their practice encounters, among them being the victory over the Battery F seconds, 22-19. For their first league game the Lodi seconds went to Woodland and defeated the boys wearing their colors, 21-12. The next victory was a walk-away for the "Little Flames." The score 25-10 of the Galt contest indicated that the seconds had been rounded into a good basketball machine.

The third game of the season did not prove as profitable for the home



team. The Reds lost to the Purples by the close score of 18-15. The game with Stockton turned out to be a duplicate of the previous contest, and the score ended 29-19 for the visitors.

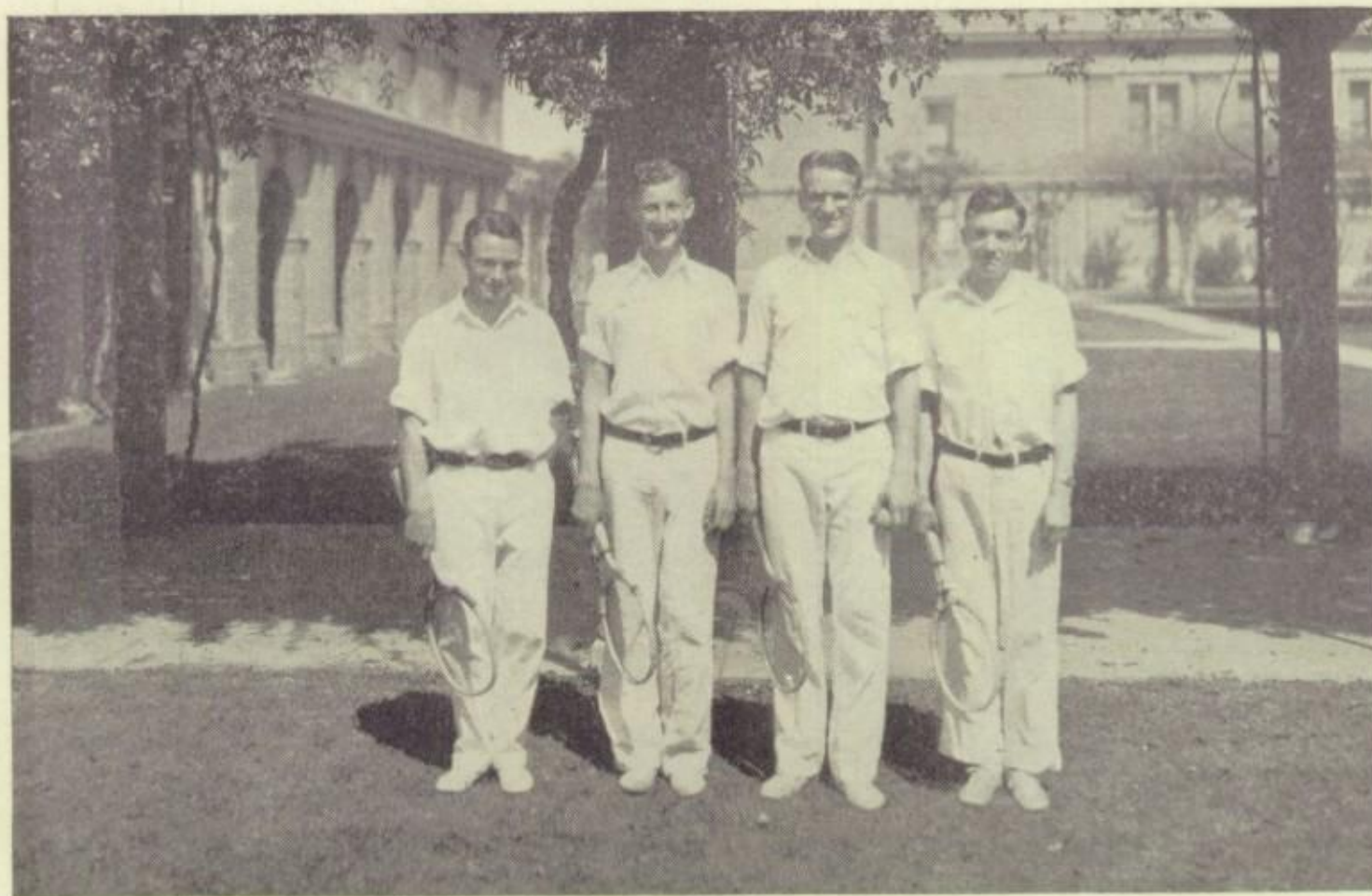
In an exciting contest on the home floor, the Flamelets defeated the Woodland seconds, 19-17. The visitors were ahead until the last two minutes of play when the local team staged a last minute rally to win the game. The next victory, that over the Galt Milkers by a 12-9 score, ended the wins for the Flamelets, for the Sacramento seconds again defeated the Reds, 24-10. Likewise, in the tilt with the Stockton super-varsity, the locals ended at the short end of a 25-8 count.

Tennis

The Lodi High School Racqueteers this year consisted of Captain Smith, last year's champion, Conklin, Perrot, and Tower on the class A squad. Steacy of last year's team was absent from school because of illness, and for this reason was unable to take part in any matches. On the class B list R. Jacobson, W. Smith, and McKenzie were outstanding.

Although there was no interclass tennis, a handicap tournament has been started which gives every boy interested in the game a chance to be acclaimed high school champion.

The Racqueteers twice defeated the Elk Grove team and once the Roseville racket wielders. In the first tournament with Modesto the Flames lost three matches, winning but two. At this writing the C. I. F. meet had not yet been played. However, the results so far have been gratifying, and with tennis as a sport rapidly coming into its own, next year's team should be a success.



TRACK

Pope
(Captain)
Donadio
Hatch
Wencel

Hintz
Poser
Hackel
Ulmer
Burson

Gillette
Engel
Hudson
Burgstahler
Stuck

Morrison
Wirtz
J. Granlees
Houston

FOOTBALL

Donadio
(Captain)
Heinetz
M. Welch
Dollinger
Newcomb

D. McClure
Shipman
Pucheu
Wirtz
Montgomery
S. Anderson

L. Mettler
A. Gillespie
Pope
Siemering
Oberlander
R. Burnett

Terwillagher
Ernie Werner
G. Engel
Thomas
Strobridge

BASKETBALL

Donadio
(Captain)

Siemering
G. Engel

R. Burson
C. Smith

Pucheu
R. Burnett

TENNIS

Smith
(Captain)

Conklin

Perrott

Tower

TRACK

Beitz
Jewett
Hemphill

Klemin
Botts
Anderson

F. Burson
Schneider
Seiferling

Walters
L. Engel
Matsuhira

FOOTBALL

R. Burgstahler
Sanguinetti

J. Granlees
W. Tecklenburg

L. Weaver
J. Lauchland

G. Wallior

BASKETBALL

Longmire
Seiferling
Jackson

Conklin
Terwillagher
Werner

Heinetz
Oberlander

Strobridge
Wirtz

Girls' Athletics

Volley Ball

The girls were anxious to begin sports this year and volley ball came first on the list. All practices and games were over by October fourteenth. The teams were incomplete as there were not enough girls from any class to form a full team. However, the girls made up in spirit and skill what they lacked in numbers. The Junior girls won the first place in this sport. The Seniors took second place and the Freshmen third place. The Sophomores, who had fewer players than any other team, came fourth. The players:



SENIORS: M. Welsh, H. Neumann, N. McClung, E. Cassidy, M. Almond, L. Weaver, E. Klaffke.

JUNIORS: E. Squire, A. Devine, M. Crete, M. Mondavi, J. Baron, E. Fry, V. Coleman, O. Gillespie.

SOPHOMORES: C. Perrin, A. Kennison, L. Landback, H. Matthews,

FRESHMEN: D. Dutschke, C. Holt, M. Taylor, B. Smith, M. Schinkel.

Basket Ball



Basketball, the most popular sport of the year, followed volley ball. More girls were out for this game than for any other sport during the term. In fact it is the only game in which enough girls are interested to form four full teams.

After a number of practices, the Freshmen and Sophomores played the first game of the season. The Freshmen won by a score of 20-22. On Jan. 18, the Juniors and Seniors played a hard and fast game. The Juniors won this game, the score being 14-8. The Seniors defeated the Sophomores 2-0. The Seniors defeated the Freshmen 34-2. These scores gave the Juniors first place, the Seniors second place, Freshmen third, and Sophomores last place.

Players:

SENIORS: M. Welsh, R. Tolliver, M. Siemering, N. McClung, E. Bancroft, A. Anderson. Subs—E. Cassidy, H. Ulmer, M. Almond

JUNIORS: V. Coleman, O. Gillespie, M. Mondavi, A. Devine, V. Matthews, L. Glick, M. Crete.

SOPHOMORES: E. Lytle, E. Snyder, A. Kennison, C. Perrin, L. Perrin, H. Mondavi, C. Cole.

FRESHMEN—J. Lytle, D. Carr, C. Holt, E. Roseberry, M. Taylor, C. Fry, B. Smith.

Hockey

Five weeks of hockey proved very interesting to the girls who engaged in this sport. It is still a novel game here as we have played it only three years. This year there were fewer bruised shins as we had shin guards for all. There were not enough girls for four teams so two of the girls chose sides. The two teams were named the "Angels" and the "Wallops". The final game, played after a number of practices, took place on Nov. 14th. This game was hard fought, but the Wallops won by a score of 8 to 0. Each goal counted one point. The lineup for the Angels was as follows: Anna Devine, D. Dutschke, V. Mason, C. Wall, C. Perrin, A. Kennison, E. Schnake, F. Ritzman, M. Mondavi. The lineup for the Wallops was as follows: N. McClung, C. Holt, M. Taylor, B. Smith, E. Cassidy, E. Frey, E. Squire, L. Perrin, V. Matthews.



Baseball



The girls had a short and peppy season for baseball this year. They had three weeks of practice and then the games were played off in two evenings.

Baseball is a very interesting game and quite a number of girls were out for it this year. There were four teams although not every team was entirely complete. The Juniors had the largest team of all.

Owing to the fact that the Seniors failed to report on the right night, they had to forfeit their game to the Juniors. The Juniors took first place, the Seniors second place, Sophomores third place, and Freshmen came in last.

Lineups:

SENIORS: M. Welsh, N. McClung, E. Cassidy, M. Mondavi, C. Wall, H. Ulmer, M. Welty, A. Anderson, R. Tolliver.

JUNIORS: L. Glick, E. Schnake, A. Devine, O. Gillespie, V. Coleman, V. Matthews, V. Mason, R. Meyers, M. Irely, E. Squires.

SOPHOMORES: L. Perrin, I. Schauer, J. Lytle, A. Kennison, C. Bruns, E. Wencel, M. Schinkel, E. Glubrecht, O. Cappa.

FRESHMEN: R. Atwell, E. Coleman, M. Prezler, G. Clements, D. Meyers, M. Jacobsen, Barnet, E. Roseberry, C. Holt.

Tennis

The tennis season ran parallel with the baseball season this year, as there was not enough time to give each sport a separate season. Names of all the players were drawn by lot and placed on the ladder in the order in which they were drawn. There was a ladder for the singles and another for the doubles.

The names on the top of the list on March 31 were named the winners. The winners in the doubles were Virginia Matthews and Anna Devine, with Elizabeth Frey and Melba Crete coming second, and Melissa Welsh and Betty Anne Newfield, third.

The winners in the singles were Elizabeth Devinney, first; Lydia Rothwell, second; and Alberta Tucker, third.



Swimming

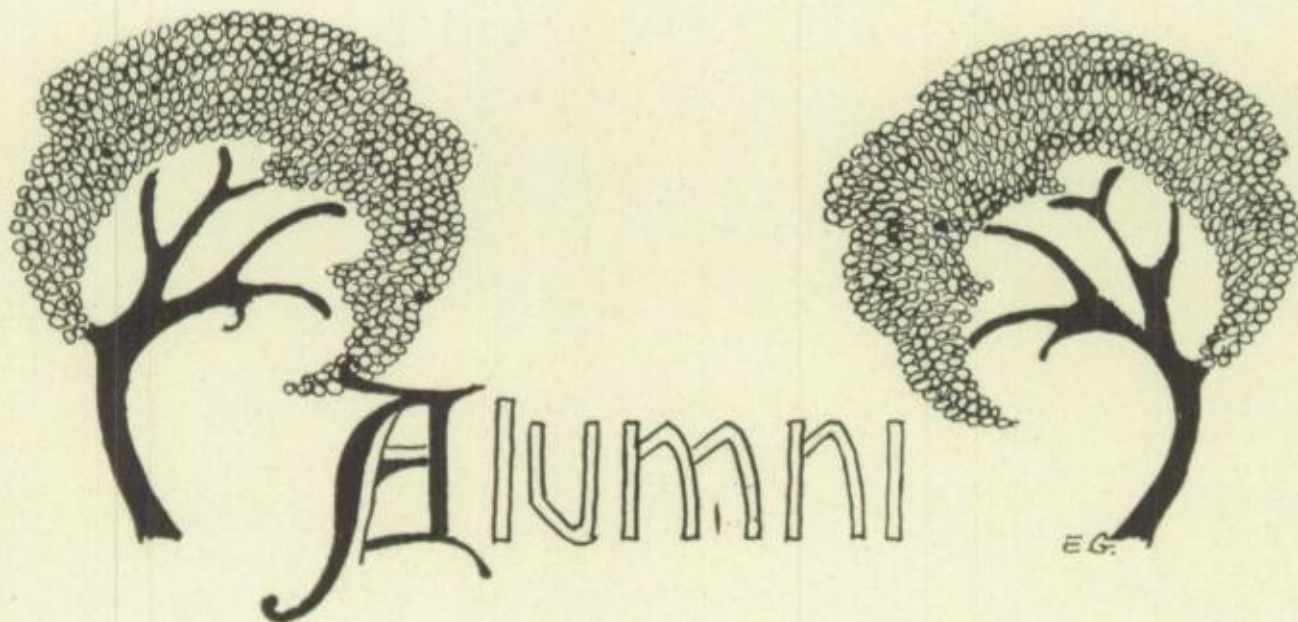
An absolutely new sport at our High School is swimming. This is the only new one added this year.

Swim-Girl-Swim Day took the place of the regulation May Day. This is the only day of the year when the girls are allowed to perform for the benefit of the public, and the new pool offered a splendid opportunity this year. Diving, racing, and exhibition swimming were the main features of this day.

Many of the girls have learned to swim and dive well enough during the year to enter the inter-class swimming meet.

About twenty girls practiced hard to pass the life-saving tests. The girls under seventeen years of age took the Junior live-saving tests, while those over seventeen took the Senior tests.





Ellsworth Angier.....	Employed	Lodi
Nathan Archer.....	College of the Pacific.....	Stockton
Norton Archer.....	Post Graduate.....	Lodi
Willard Beckman.....	Agriculture College of U. C.....	Davis
Edward Blewett.....	Employed	Lodi
Lucille Buck.....	Merritt Hospital.....	Oakland
Vera Buck.....	Merritt Hospital.....	Oakland
Anne Buttle.....	Post Graduate at Stockton Hi.....	Stockton
Roy Buttle.....	Employed	Oregon
Katherine Davis.....	College of the Pacific.....	Stockton
Jennie Dotson.....	Mrs. A. Jauch.....	Lodi
Evelyn Dutschke.....	Home	Lodi
Margaret Elliott.....	San Francisco Teachers College.....	S. F.
Marion Elliott.....	University of California.....	Berkeley
Clarence Ferdun.....	Oregon Agriculture College.....	Corvallis
Eula Ford.....	Employed	Lodi
Robert Fuller.....	College of the Pacific.....	Stockton
Isamu Funamora.....	Ranching	Lodi
Wendell Gannon.....	Naval Academy	Annapolis
Alfred Gatzert.....	Stanford University.....	Palo Alto
Edmund Gentner.....	University of California.....	Berkeley
Agnes Gill.....	Married	Lodi
Neil Gordon	Post Graduate.....	Lodi
Louis Granlees.....	Post Graduate.....	Lodi
Ruth Hatfield.....	Employed	Stockton
Pearl Hauge.....	Sacramento Junior College.....	Sacramento
Grant Heil.....	College of the Pacific.....	Stockton
Howard Hesseltine.....	College of the Pacific.....	Stockton
Horace Hibbard.....	Employed	Lodi
Hazel Higginson.....	Married	Lodi
Thomas Hodgson.....	Employed	Home
James Houck.....	Employed	Lodi
Geraldine Howard.....	Home	Clements
Warren Hunting.....	Employed	Home
Roger Ingram.....	Employed	Lodi
Karl Jack.....	Post Graduate.....	Lodi
Ruth James.....	College of Commerce.....	Stockton
Lindsay Jewett.....	Agriculture College of U. C.....	Davis

Hollis Johnson.....	Mrs. F. Chiatale.....	Lodi
Violet Kenefick.....	Sacramento Junior College.....	Sacramento
Margaret Kettleman.....	Home	Lodi
Verna Kettleman.....	Home	Lodi
Marion Koch.....	Sacramento Business College.....	Sacramento
Beth Landback.....	Fabiola Hospital.....	Oakland
Ida Lerza.....	Home	Lodi
Emma Linde.....	Employed	Lodi
Estelle Liter.....	Moved	
Stewart Locke	Agriculture College of U. C.....	Davis
Mabel Maguire.....	Mrs. R. Lancaster.....	Lodi
Harry Martin.....	Employed	Lodi
Marie Masui.....	San Jose Teachers College.....	San Jose
Grace Mitchell.....	Home	Lodi
Mary Maloney.....	Sacramento Business College.....	Sacramento
Orville Myers.....	Ranching	Lodi
Irma Nusz.....	Employed	Lodi
Hugh Paddleford.....	Stanford University.....	Palo Alto
Walter Perrin.....	Ranching	Lodi
Kenneth Phillips.....	College of Commerce.....	Stockton
Robert Pickering.....	College of the Pacific.....	Stockton
James Pope.....	Pharmacy College.....	San Francisco
Elbert Rankin.....	Sacramento Junior College.....	Sacramento
Mildred Rathbun.....	University of California.....	Berkeley
Ruth Rinn.....	San Jose Teachers College.....	San Jose
Paul Rinn.....	Agriculture College of U. C.....	Davis
Evelyn Scott.....	College of the Pacific.....	Stockton
Edna Sharp.....	Mrs. A. Curtis.....	Santa Cruz
Peter Sheptenko.....	Commercial Bank.....	Stockton
Beatrice Shipman.....	University of California.....	Berkeley
William Siemering.....	Agriculture College of U. C.....	Davis
Delbert Siler.....	Saint Mary's College.....	Oakland
Gertrude Smith.....	Fabiola Hospital.....	Oakland
Henry Smith.....	Employed	Lodi
Donald Smithson.....	San Francisco Art School.....	San Francisco
Ruth Snyder.....	University of California.....	Berkeley
Beatrice Soucie.....	San Francisco Art School.....	San Francisco
Frank Stewart.....	College	Washington
Edwin Tate.....	San Francisco Art School.....	San Francisco
Myron Tower.....	College of the Pacific.....	Stockton
Ruth Troutner.....	San Jose State Teachers College.....	San Jose
Marion Vallem.....	Home	Kingdon
Edith Van Gelder.....	College of the Pacific.....	Stockton
Irwin Wakefield.....	Employed	Lodi
Edwin Werner.....	Employed	Lodi
Edith Wilson.....	San Jose State Teachers College.....	San Jose
Winifred Woods.....	Sacramento Junior College.....	Sacramento
Horace Woodworth.....	Amherst College.....	Massachusetts



Perfect 42



Girls (Bologna)



Big Catch



Dude



Snowbound



Bud



The piper



Madame Paduerizzeritmanza



Bailey



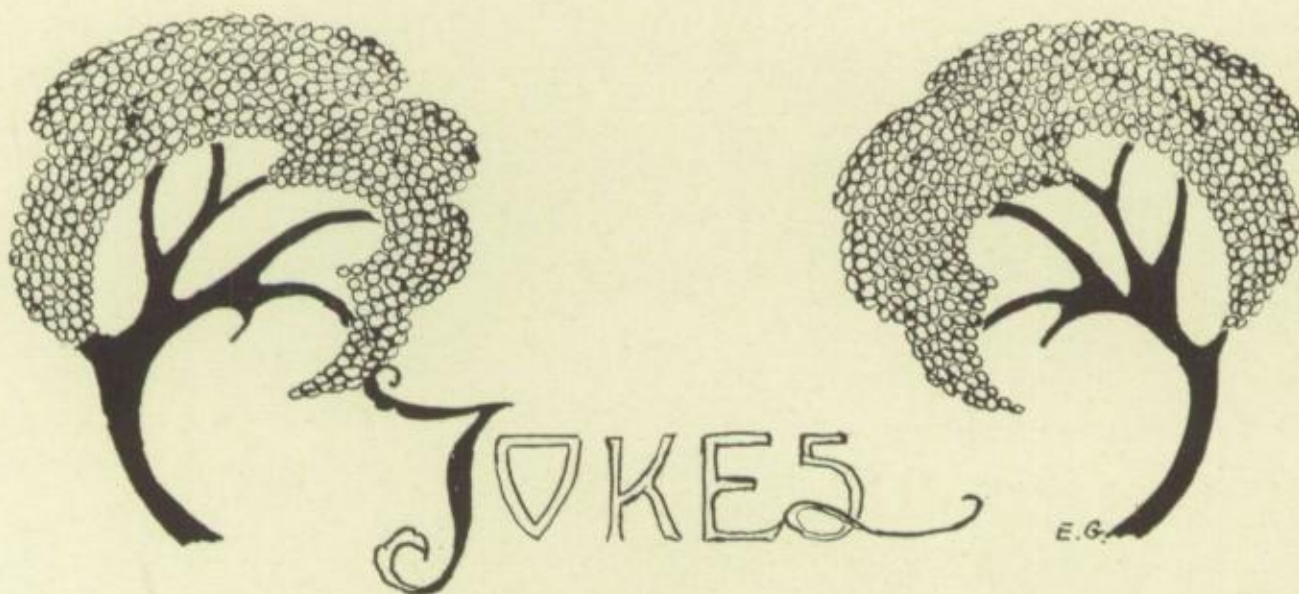
Batter up



— Henry's latest —
Sport Models



36 inches
from the floor



Ward: "I smell rubber burning!"

H. Bailey: "Oh, that's all right, it's just the sun on the back of my neck."



Bud Salaun: "Say, Bonine, do you know that guy down the road with a wooden leg by the name of Brown?"

B. B. (feeling brainy): "I don't know, what was the name of the other leg?"



"Where are you bound on your skates, Okey?"

"Around the ankles, Clara, 'round the ankles!"



L. Hart in history: "They don't hang men with wooden legs in Russia."

Mrs. Rice: "Why not?"

L. H.: "They hang them with ropes."



Ernie in football practice: "I think the scrubs got on to our signals."

Tony: "I don't think so, we don't even understand them ourselves."



Pat Hudson: "Say, do you know that fella' Mike gives me a pain and if I hadn't been prevented I would have beat him up."

Jim Jones: "Who prevented you?"

Pat: "Mike did."



Glee



Power of
the Press



Where You
Workin' John?



Going up



Hap



Pretty - What?



Kody's rival



Ole Swimm'n
Hole



Some of us



Blonde or Brunette



Keona



Contentment



Not even a dozen



Coy

Jokes

Frosh (in heart of Lodi, to Soph): "Say, which is the quickest way to get to school?"

Soph: "Run."

~

Mrs. Tower in geography: "Why is London the foggiest place in the world?"

W. Wilson: "It isn't, because I've been in a foggier place."

Mrs. Tower: "Where?"

W. W.: "I don't know, it was so foggy I didn't know where it was."

~

There was a young fellow named Jack,
Who at football played quarter-back.
The numbers he'd call and
Bawl for the ball
And lead the defense for the backs.

~

Norton: "Hey, what are you running for?"

Walter W.: "There's a circus in town and their lion is loose."

Norton: "Which way did he go?"

W. W.: "You wouldn't expect me to be chasing him would you?"

~

Clifford Gatzert Logic: "It's better to keep still and let people think you're a fool than to stand up and prove it."

~

"Did you ever know," said Red Jewett's father, "that I began life as a barefoot boy?"

Red: "I wasn't born with shoes on either."



The Music Master



3:30 - Rev!!!



1-9-8-6-2-1



Cary



Sue and Sig



Shooting the Shoes



Dogs



Freakies



Althea's Tower



Cecil Brunner



A car full



Chums

Jokes

Teck to student ice cream server in cafe: "Say, there's a fly in my ice cream."

Bright student: "Serves him right; let him freeze."

~

Now Tony's fame is at its height,
(But it will higher rise)
And when the Tarzans come again,
They'll find a fine surprise.

~

Frosh to Senior: "Say, what's the date today?"

Senior: "Why don't you look at that newspaper in your pocket?"

Frosh: "Oh, that won't help; that's yesterday's paper."

~

There was a young fellow named Jake
Whose playfellow-pet was a snake.
One day when 'twas mad, it bit the bright lad;
He's not here now to see his mistake.

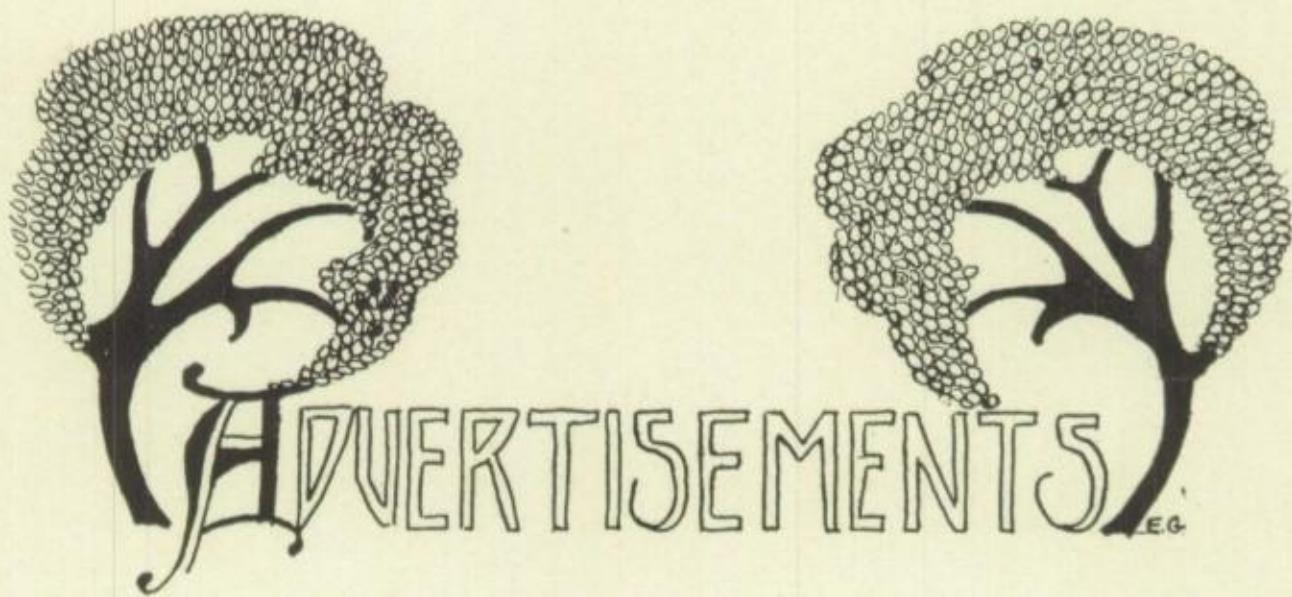
~

When I was down below for about two years, I became tired of the place, and I asked Satan if there wasn't a way out. He gave me a piece of chalk about seven feet long, and showed me a stairway that was so high it disappeared into space.

"Now," said he, "just write a sin on each step until you arrive at the top. That will be heaven."

At first it was easy, but soon I ran out of sins, and I looked up and saw a dust cloud coming. As it came nearer, I recognized Frank Wirtz. "Oh, Frank," I called. "Where are you going?"

"After more chalk," he answered.



To the Students:

We have this year, as usual, an annual which is far more expensive than those put out by many of the larger schools. We are able to have a book of this size because the business men, the backers of the Lodi Union High School in its every venture, have again given us their support in the form of advertisements.

While we do not admit that the money which they put into the Tokay is merely a donation—that there are no returns from the advertising—we appreciate the spirit in which they give us their assistance. This annual will, we hope, always be to the students a pleasant reminder of their high school days.

Fellow students, remember who is responsible for the size and appearance of our year book, and patronize our advertisers.

The Editor

The business manager of this year-book wishes to thank the local business men, the service clubs, and all others for their hearty co-operation in making this annual a success.

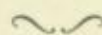
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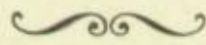
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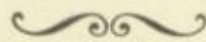
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LODI DISTRICT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The Clearing House for Community Business



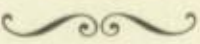
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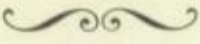
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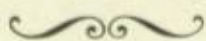
Phone 70

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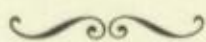
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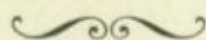
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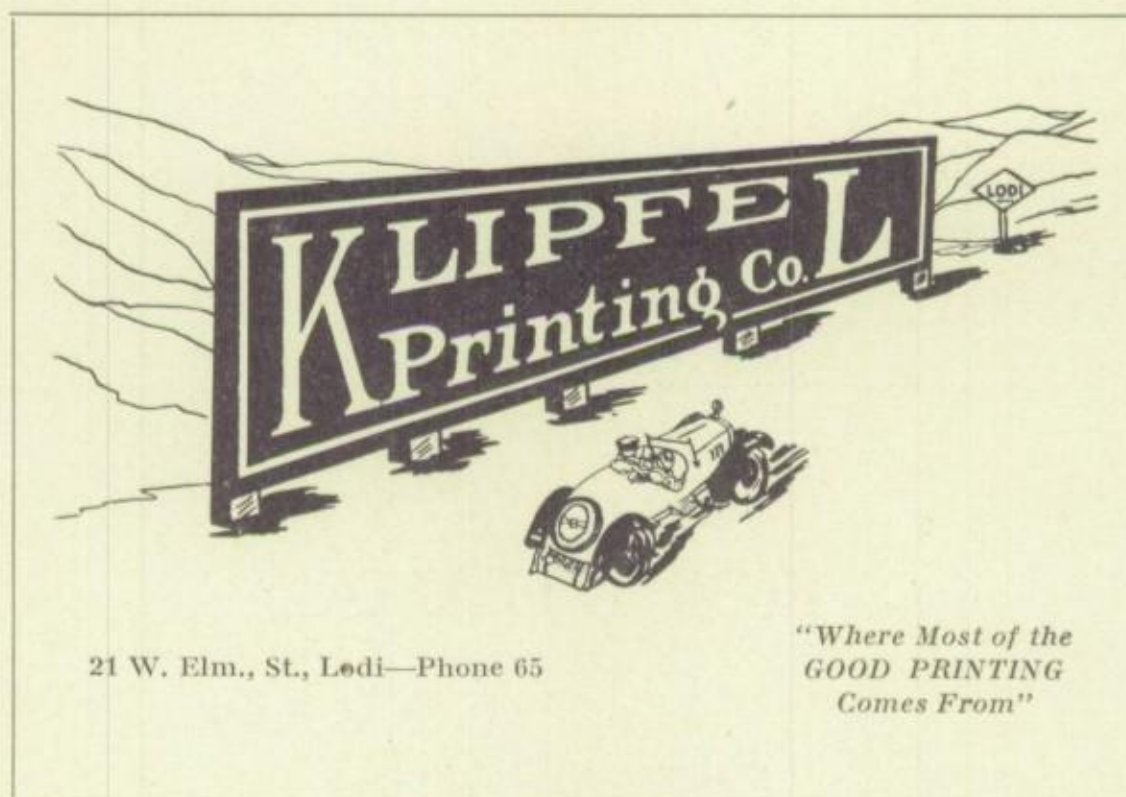
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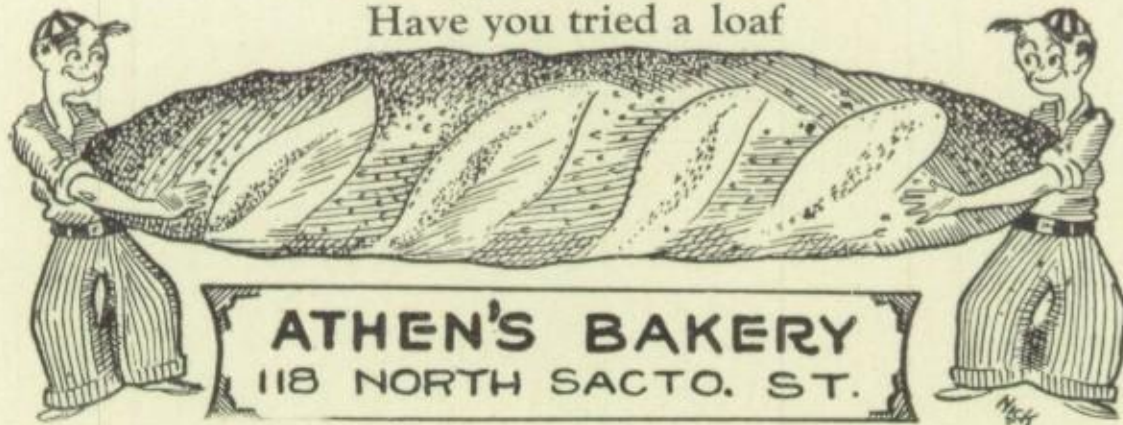


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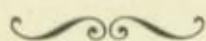
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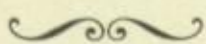


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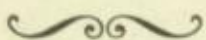
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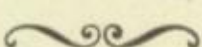
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OPTOMETRIST

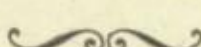
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Abe Lincoln



Swim Girls Swim



Femmes



Here I am



Bud



The are smiles-



Pat



Janet



Repose

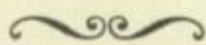


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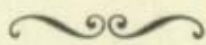
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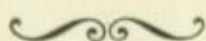
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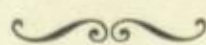


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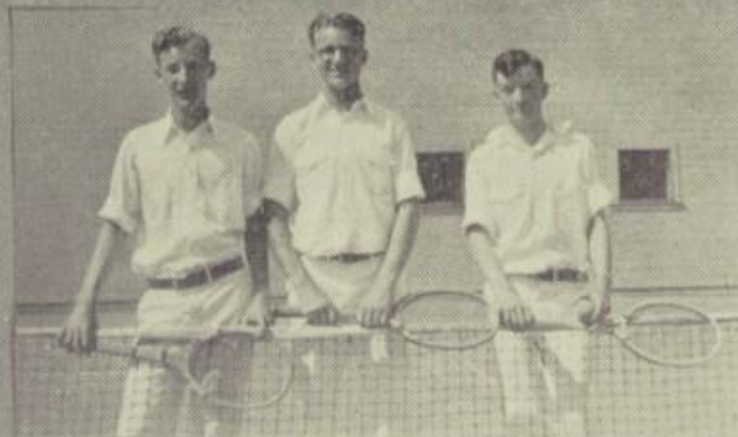
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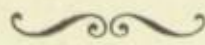


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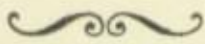
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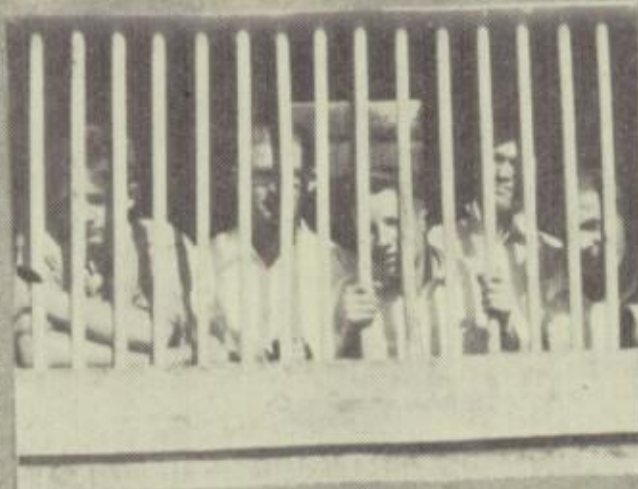
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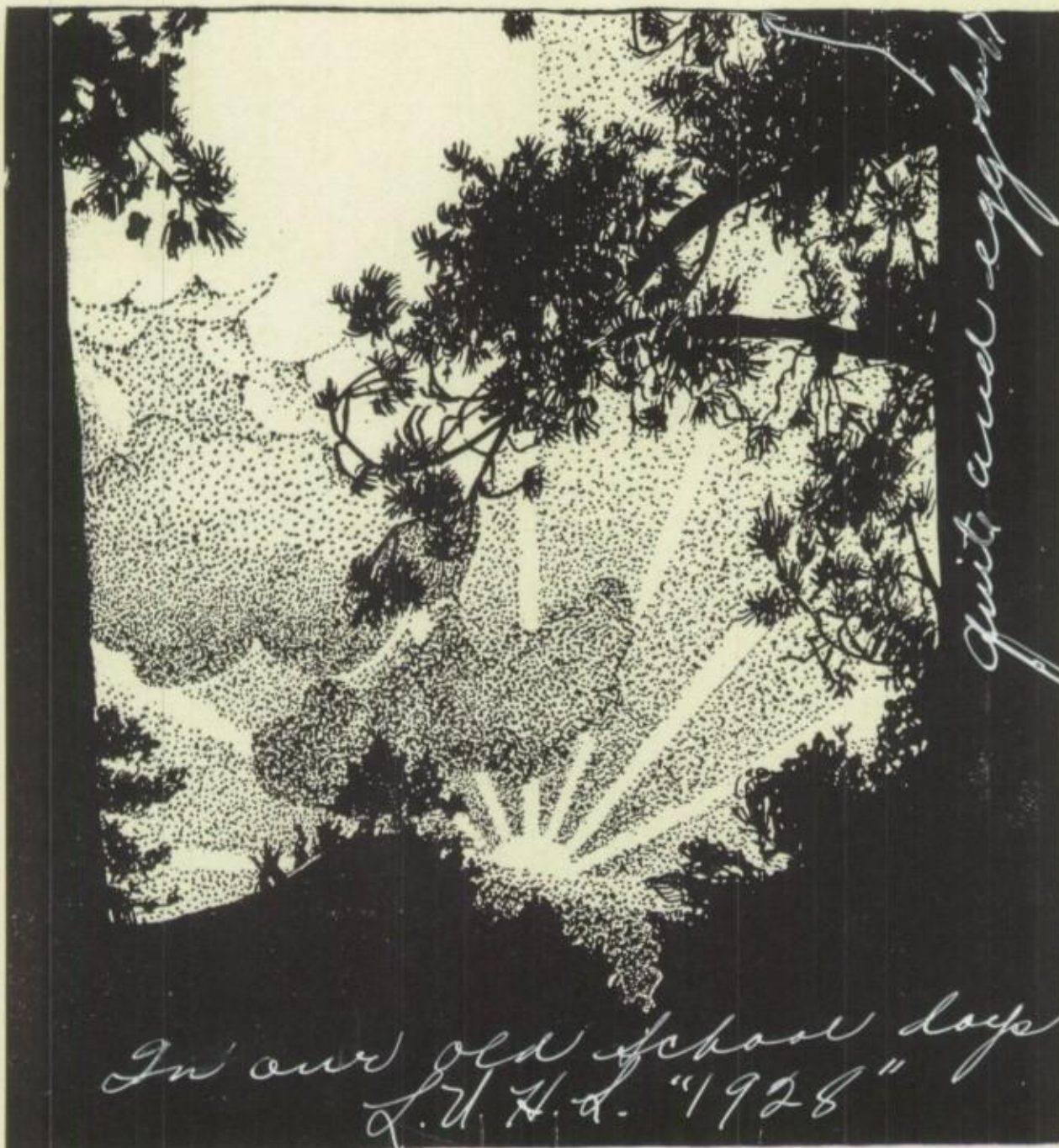
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